Vol. CXXL.—No. 1573]

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY

"LONDON NIGHTS: Dinner, Dance and Cabaret"

1/-

SAFE FOR DYSPEPTICS

THE DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

Important.—Sold only in sealed packets.
Priced at 2/8, 3/2, 3/10 and 4/4 per lb.
Harden Bros. & Lindsay, Ltd.
30, Mincing Lane, E.C.3

CVS-118.

EASTER at LE TOUQUET
HOTEL ROYAL—PICARDY
Open from March 28th to April 3rd

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES
FULL PENSION (Room and 3 meals) from Frs. 125—per day and P.P.

Same Management: HOTEL CHAMBORD, PARIS, 123 Avenue des Champs Elysées.

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée

By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.

TO FINISH A PERFECT DAY
CALL FOR
McCallum's
THE PERFECT WHISKY.
A MELLOW AND FRIENDLY SPIRIT

BOLS KÜMMEL
—ALWAYS WITH YOUR COFFEE
Others of the famous Bols Liqueurs made in Amsterdam since 1575:
CURACAO .. .. an after lunch liqueur.
BOLS BLANC .. . for your cocktail.
CHERRY BRANDY .. . . warming.
CREME DE MENTHE . . aids digestion.
V.O. GENEVA (HOLLANDS) . . one glass a day.

QUICK SURE RELIEF FROM NERVE PAINS
Genasprin
THE SAFE BRAND

TO GET THE BEST OUT OF **TRAVEL**

USE
DEAN & DAWSON LTD.
81 PICCADILLY, W.1
'Phone: GROSVENOR 2873-6
and Branches

STOP THAT COLD with VAPEX

TRADE MARK

INHALANT

"A drop on your handkerchief"

Between the first and the second sneeze there is time to take precautions. You can either neglect the oncoming cold, with all its unpleasant and possibly dangerous consequences, or you can stop the infection with "Vapex".

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief. As you breathe it grows stronger and stronger. The head is relieved. The "stuffiness" goes. The whole respiratory system is gently stimulated to increased resistance.

"Vapex" stops colds quickly because it goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm passages of the nose and throat. The simple act of breathing the pleasant "Vapex" vapour brings an active germicide into direct contact with the infection.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V104

Skin Ills?

Try This Way

Start using **Cuticura Soap** to-day. See how much it helps! Through its use many thousands have found relief from apparently hopeless skin troubles. **Cuticura Soap** contains the same delicate medication that has made Cuticura Ointment the first thought in treating pimples, eczema and other skin ailments. Make **Cuticura** your daily toilet soap and enjoy a clear, healthy skin.

PRICE 1s.

Sold at all chemists

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) Temple Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.15 p.m.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents LUDWIG BERGER'S Stage Production
"THE GOLDEN TOY."

HOTEL

The comforts of home with luxury
THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, St. Leonards-on-Sea
The most popular private suites on the south coast are at the Royal Victoria in sunny St. Leonards—a sheltered spot for winter holidays or convalescence. Every comfort. Private sun balconies attached to suites. Special diets provided. Central and electric heating. Passenger lift. Garages. Also one hundred other bedrooms.
From 4½ gns. inclusive. *'Phone: Hastings 869.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS AND RESORTS

HOTEL ATALA
Champs-Elysées,
10, rue Chateaubriand,
Paris.
The last word in all modern conveniences, situated in the West End of Paris, yet possessing the unique charm of tranquillity allied to a pretty garden.
Tel.: Balzac 01-62, 01-65. *Telgr. Addr.: OTELATAL.*

LE TOUQUET FOR EASTER
Write for full particulars to the
HOTEL BRISTOL
Midway between Sea and Casino. Week-end from 18/6 daily inclusive.

RIVIERA OF SPEZIA (Situated between GENOA and PISA.)
Spend your holidays there, where you will enjoy a pleasant, warm climate, amid magnificent scenery.
LA SPEZIA, LERICI, PORTOVENERE, and nearby LEVANTO.
Apply to Comitato del Tourismo, LA SPEZIA, via Priane.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CHANNEL ISLANDS—GUERNSEY.

Hotel Houmet du Nord.—Facing sea. Full licence. Close famous golf links. Colonials specially catered for. Apply illus. brochure.

Hotel de Normandie.—The premier residential hotel. Lovely garden. 2 min. from sea. Anglo-Swiss cuisine.

FRANCE.

Juan-les-Pins.—"Les Ambassadeurs."—Open 1932; facing beach and casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Armenonville.—In forest. Nr. Casino. Large park. Priv. bus to Golf and Sea. Fr. 65 incl. Entirely renewed.

Roquebrune—Cap Martin.—Hotel Villa Sevigne.—5 min. fm. Casino. Beach. Garage. Evy. modern convenience. From Fs. 35 up.

GERMANY.

Bad Homburg—Ritter's Park Hotel.—Patronised by H.M. King Edward. Pension from 9 Marks.

CANNES.

Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Hotel Miramar.—
300 rooms all with bath.
The leading Hotel of the Riviera.

NICE.

Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

MONTE CARLO.

Hotel des Etrangers—Sunny rooms with full pension from Fs. 40. Excellent food. Only 1st-class hotel including tax.

Royalty Bar.—Park. Palace. Terrace. The smartest rendezvous for cocktail time. Afternoon tea. Guido & Francis.

Hotel Terminus Palace.—Opposite Casino, Gardens, Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, with suite Frs. 75.

ITALY.

Capri (Anacapri)—Eden Hotel Paradiso.—Mag. S. pos. garden. All m. comfort. Pens. from 30 Lire. Cav. N. Farace, Man. Prop.

Capri—International Hotel.—In the mysterious land of Sirens. Fc. S. Own orange groves. Run. water or priv. bath. Cent. heat. Lift.

Rome.—Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.—Nr. Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

SICILY.

Palermo—Villa Igiea.—On the sea front. Large park. Golf links. Tennis. Orchestra. Pension from 75 Lire.

Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.—Alone of its kind. Former Dominican Monastery of the 14th Century. Pension from 75 Lire.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. First-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £5.0.0.

Lausanne Palace-Beau Site Hotels. De luxe at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

GENEVA.

The Beau-Rivage.—Finest position on the lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All modern comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Hotel Richemond.—First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

The Bystander, March 20, 1934 No. 1579. Vol. CXXI.

The BYSTANDER

DIANA WYNYARD IN HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood stole Diana Wynyard back again from London a month or two ago: she is out there under contract to M.-G.-M., and waiting to start work on two big films. One of these is "The Paradine Case," based on Robert Hichens's novel, in which John and Lionel Barrymore are playing. The other is "Vanessa," the film-version of the last of Hugh Walpole's Herries books, in which she is the only character so far cast. Besides her most famous picture, "Cavalcade," Diana Wynyard's Hollywood work has included "Men Must Fight," and "Reunion in Vienna," in which she played Lynn Fontanne's part, opposite John Barrymore

"He's feeling the call of Spring"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Stop Press

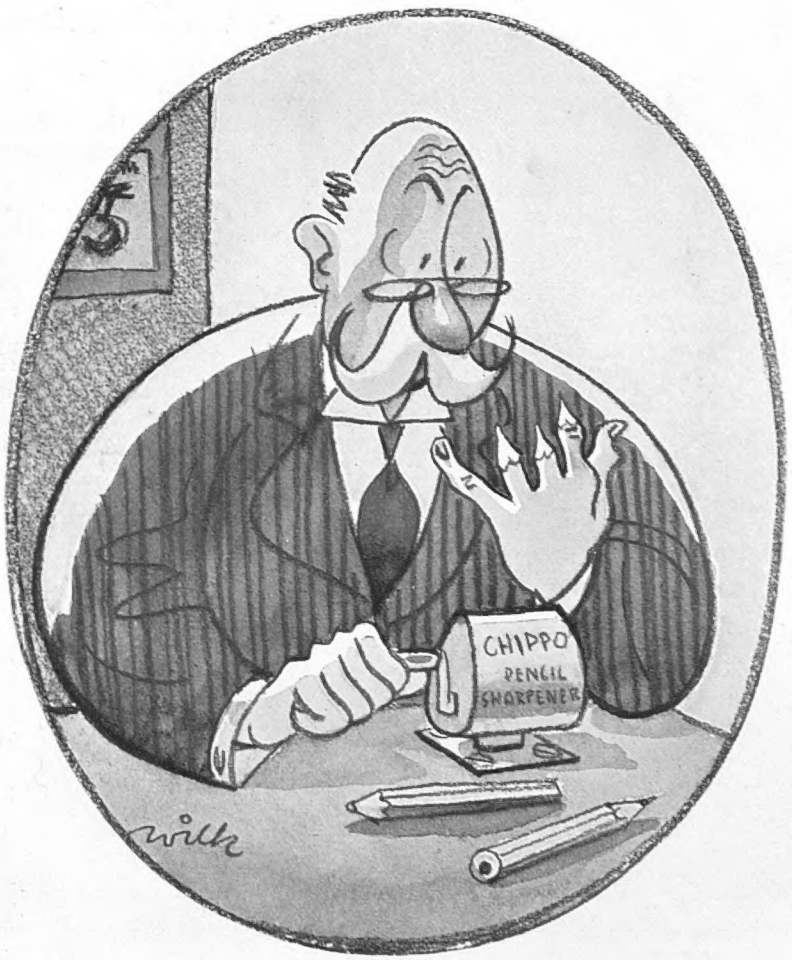
WE hear from our usual unimpeachable sources that a determined effort was made last week by persons unknown to kidnap the Parisian concierge who found the letter in the dustbin of the cousin of the girl who is engaged to the judge in the Court of Appeal of the Seine-et-Marne whose uncle met Stravinsky at a baccarat-game in 1903 at Biarritz. Paris is seething with excitement over the attempted outrage, which was only foiled by the presence of mind of the concierge. Seizing a mop, she hauled off and clipped the attackers some quick ones to the ear, and they fled in confusion. The only result of the incident so far has been that the Government, of course, has fallen. Later in the day, however, it got up again.

An Imperial Age

THERE has been, for the past few days, a strange and picturesque echo of a bygone splendour, in the collection of Tsarist objets d'art that has just been sold at Christie's. The Imperial Court at Petrograd was the last of all the Courts — outside Asia—to employ a master-jeweller, and Carl Fabergé was in the direct line of succession from Benvenuto Cellini. We were simply fascinated by the Easter eggs. One was made of gold and white enamel; it opened and revealed a gold yolk; that, too, opened, and revealed a chicken of different coloured golds. Another of Fabergé's masterpieces (not sold at Christie's) was an Easter egg of white enamel with a gold cupola representing the Ouspensky Cathedral in Moscow. What a lovely age of Imperial patronage of Art. Like Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Dognapping

THE new racket in America is the kidnapping of valuable pet-dogs. This is, in itself, an admirable profession. We know a considerable number of pet dogs that we would gladly see kidnapped, and we would not contribute a stiver, not a dime, not a groat, nickel, red cent, centesimo, nor reis towards the usual Mansion House Fund for their ransom. Nasty little beasts! With their velveteen coats with ruchings and typhoon silhouettes, and their diamanté collarings and aquamarine drinking-bowls. But—and there is always a but—while we heartily approve of this particular racket, we want to protest very strongly against the title which it has been awarded by the special sub-committee of the Racket-naming Institute of Chicago, which holds its sessions either in Auburn, Sing Sing, or the Atlanta Penitentiary. Dognapping. What a ghastly word! Worse than television, or automobile, or viewpoint, or even poignant. Will the abduction of a dowager be called "dowagernapping," or of a politician "crooknapping," or of an English county cricketer "straightbatnapping"? And what are we going to say if, in a moment of inadvertence, we abduct a flint-knapper? Or even a kidnapper?



"That's the third in a week"

Shorts from the Courts

THIS is the headline of a "feature" which has appeared for many years in one of our esteemed contemporaries, in which news-items from the Metropolitan police courts are recorded. The headline has now been adopted by the lady badminton experts who appeared on the courts in them at the All-England Championships at the Horticultural Hall. According to the photographs, the shorts were particularly charming.

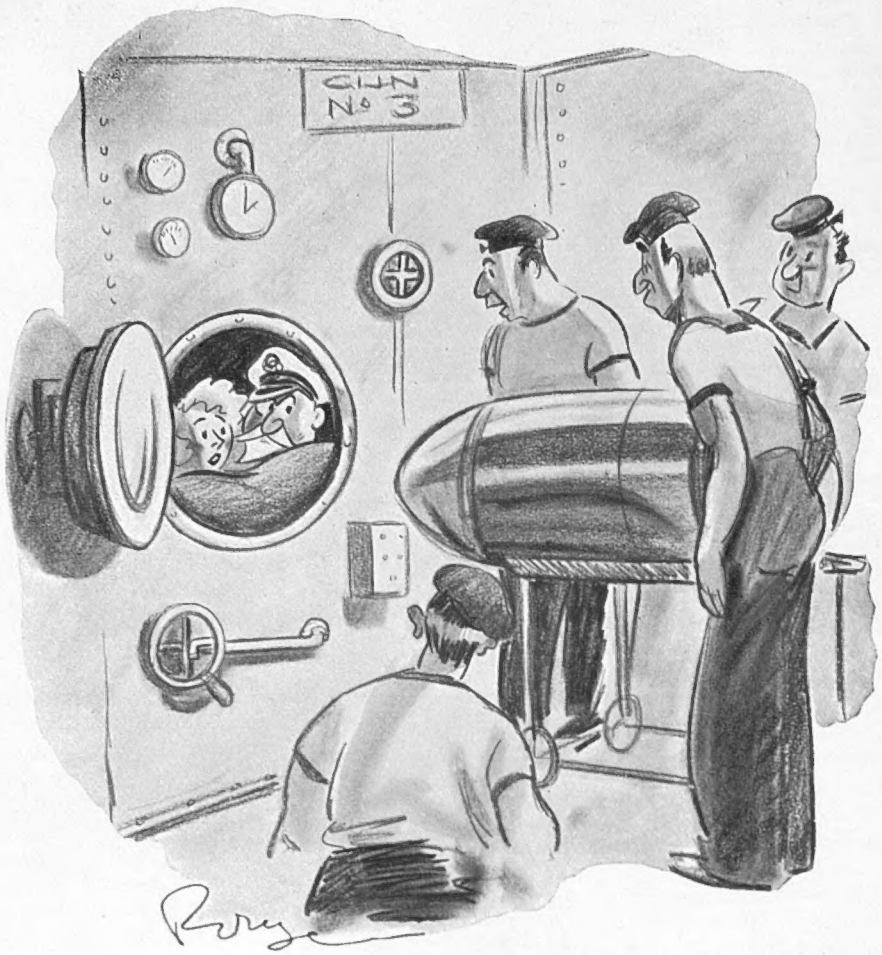
Logophagy

THIS is probably beyond your enchanting brains, sweet ones, but it is a word that our Philosophy and General Highbrow correspondent has just coined for us. It means the business of eating one's own words, and it is practised very extensively by all politicians, rising or risen. It is now our turn. We have, from time to time, indulged in a ladylike smirk at the antics of the ice-hockey boys—how they will fight with

the spectators, and how Javanese players are allowed to play for British Honduras, and so on. Well, the other day, we went to see England play against the United States at Grosvenor House, and, frankly, we were simply astonished at the swiftness and the skill and the grace of the players. It is by far the fastest game we have ever seen, and, to our intense surprise, no one was killed, or maimed, or even warned-off the ice. Hence this rather charming exercise in logophagy. The only leg we have to stand on is the undeniable fact that all the English players were Canadians, but that is a very minor detail.

A Very Gallant Youth

ALTHOUGH these paragraphs are often couched (whatever that means) in a somewhat frivolous vein, there are moments when we can be serious, and this is one of them. A Fund is being raised to perpetuate the memory of Gino Watkins, that brilliant leader of Arctic explorations, who was drowned off the coast of Greenland long before he reached the age of thirty. If ever a man by his personality and achievements deserved commemoration, it was Gino Watkins, and had he lived, he would have occupied a place in the end beside Shackleton and Scott, Birdie Bowers and "Titus" Oates, and all the Valhalla of great explorers. If you have a mind to help, even with a handful of sixpences, send to 18, Tite Street, S.W.3.



"Oh, pardon us, Admiral"

"I said 'Quick'; I've dropped my cigarette in it"

Liberty Hall

BRITAIN is the Liberty Hall of the world. We are all agreed upon that, eh, Deputy-Sheriff? By gad, you've said a bibful, Lord Lieutenant. Very well, then. And that is why the big bridge binge (that's an awkward one) at Harrogate has been cancelled. It was to have been a competition for a Gold Cup, without any betting, or gambling, or stakes, but the Harrogate cops thought that any form of card-game is immoral, and so the competition has been called off. Last year, the bad lads of the Bexhill constabulary allowed the fun and games to proceed, and the Bexhill hotels in consequence cleaned up a packet and everyone was delighted. But then, you know what Bexhill is. Uncivic, that's what it is. Common-sense, perhaps, but deucedly uncivic.

Wisecrack

WE had occasion to direct recently an American to an obscure golf-course on the borders of Surrey and Hampshire. "Do you know Guildford?" we said, and he said that he did know Guildford. "Do you

know Farnham ? " we went on, and he said that he did not know Farnham. " Well," we proceeded, in elucidation, " do you know the Hog's Back ? " The answer, a typical American flash, came like a bullet : " Why, I didn't even know he 'd been away."

A Queer Taste

So the Nazi boys in Berlin have banned the Bergner in her film of *Catherine the Great.* Well, well, tastes differ, and one man's meat, etcetera, etcetera. But if it means that the divine little lady will be disposed to remain longer with us in London, then, Heil, Hitler ! Attaboy ! Stick to it. You keep the ex-Crown Prince if you like, and we 'll keep the Bergner, and everyone will be as happy as can be.

Another Insult for Scotland

Wisden's *Cricketer's Almanack* is out again, with all its enchanting statistics, and descriptions of great matches, and its quaint array of facts and records, as, for example, that famous match at Woking in 1828, when each of the four innings totalled 71 runs. It includes cricket in Australia, South Africa, Bermudas, Canada, Holland, and Egypt. There is a paragraph giving the scores in the annual match between North South America and South South America. There is the full score of the match between Dover School and St. Lawrence, Ramsgate, and between King's, Canterbury, and St. Edmund's, Canterbury (this year, we notice, the Crown repeated its earlier victory over the Church in the same town), but not anywhere in all its 720 pages is there the slightest reference to the County Championship of Scotland. Alas ! Poor Caledonia. Always being snubbed and ignored. But in this harsh world that is only too often the reward of modest little violets.

" Lousy ! Who's ever heard of Lancret, anyway ? "

" Well, what 'll it be—my act or the furriers? "

Breathe Again, Girls !

" Beachcomber " is back again, and we can lie back and mop our brows. We really thought for one fearful moment that he had vanished for good ; that perhaps he had pushed Mr. Hugh Walpole a little bit too far, and had been bashed by that eminent man with a blunt instrument on a dark night, just at the bottom of the area steps of the Pen Club. If we were Scotland Yard (and, strictly between ourselves, we are not) and found " Beachcomber " lying at the bottom of the area steps of the Pen Club, we would instantly arrest Mr. Walpole on the double charge of justifiable homicide and causing gloom and depression, and leave him to prove his innocence. In the same way, we would do the same by Lord Passfield if the body turned out to be the other funny boy, Mr. Bevan Wyndham Lewis.

Skegness Ahoy !

A Leicester factory-girl knitted herself a bathing costume and popped off to the home of bracery for a whiff of ozone. Her boss detected a brilliant new type of knitting in the costume, and now the Leicester machines are humming with the new and fashionable style. We do not

profess to know what the technical dodge was—whether the lassie purled more or less than is usual, or whether she drop-stitched a hem or two, or whether she slipped a couple over the thumb, as the saying is in knitting circles. But the point is that the result was a wow, and the British plages will be ablaze, like so many of our piers, with the new style this year. There is one announcement, though, that has been puzzling us a good deal, especially our military correspondent and our stock-broking attaché, and that is this : " Six different types of stitching are used. One kind for each curve." This beats us altogether. For example, if Miss Mae West wore one, would six be enough—[ED. (*sharply*) : " Come, come, none of that." Ourselves (*plaintively*) : " Sorry, Governor, it was just our thirst for accurate information breaking out again."]

Feminine Corner

A SKELETON has been discovered, if not exactly in a cupboard, at least in the wall of a parish church in Flintshire (and if that isn't the worst bit of English prose you 've ever read, stap us). And near the skeleton were pieces of pottery marked, as Sir W. S. Gilbert would have said, with a " big, big B." The archæological wizards have got busy, and are perfectly certain that these are the bones of Queen Boadicea. Indeed, the keeper of the Department of something or other at the British Museum has committed himself to a remarkable statement : " Although I have not seen the bones," he said, " they may be those of Queen Boadicea," When you think that out carefully, you will realise that pundits may talk just as ludicrously as we write.

Poor Boadicea ! They done her wrong when they put up that fearful statue to her at the end of Westminster Bridge, disguised as Rule Britannia.

Historical Wisecracks. No. 11

As Lot said to his wife :

"YOU BIG STIFF!"

THESPÆANS

No. 25.—Mdlle. Yvonne Printemps

I DO not hesitate to say
That you could find no men
Who more admire in every way
This sweet Parisienne
Who is so chic, so bright, so gay,
Than *I* do ; but my pen
Just leaves me helpless every time
I seek to laud her name in rhyme. For—

Oh, WHERE can I find a rhyme to " Printemps " ?
Where, oh, where, oh, where ?
I 've racked my brains till I 'm nearly sick,
I 've searched the poets, the rhyming dic.,
But *still* at that fiendish word I stick,
And how can I write
A poem bright
If I can't find a rhyme to " Printemps " ?

" Yvonne " is easy, you 'll agree,
What with " très bonne," et cet.
But " Printemps " proves too much for me,
I own, to my regret.
And though I 've slaved from eight till three
I 've not got going *yet*—
Although I yearn to sing her praise,
That surname leaves me in a daze. For—

Oh, WHERE is the word to rhyme with " Printemps " ?
Where, oh, where, oh, where ?
I 've searched all my bookshelves through and through,
I 've searched the British Museum, too,
And now I just can't think what else to do,
So really I think
I must take to drink
Since I CAN'T find a rhyme to " Printemps "

B. W.

Ah, Youth, Youth !

WE played in a foursome at golf the other day with a child of eighteen as a partner. He was a scion of a famous golfing house, and he struck the ball beautifully. But, alas ! for his tact. We were stymied—dead stymied. It was impossible to hole the putt. Our opponents nudged each other and apologised to us with a spurious sincerity that simply meant nothing at all. We had no option but to putt to the side of the hole and call it a half. We did so, very carelessly, and our ball bounced off hidden slopes and cannoned off worm-casts and fell into the hole. Our opponents' jaws fell a couple of inches ; their faces went pale ; their voices definitely croaked as they said crossly : " Well played, Sir ! " Then the deathly silence was rent by our childlike partner, who piped up : " Sir, Sir, did you mean to do that, Sir, Sir ? " We could have killed the infant, not so much for blowing the gaff, as for making us feel eighty-six years of age and rather decrepit.

Compositor's Agony

THERE can be few people who would have cared to be in the shoes of that honest compositor who had to set up, last week, the headline about Tunbridge Wells which ran : " Kings, Beauties, and Pantiles." The article was all about Charles the Second and Nell Gwynn, and the lords and ladies who used to stroll up and down the historic Pantiles of that historic corner. But just imagine the temptation that flaunted itself before that honest craftsman, to leave out the "1" in Pantiles.

Annual Outbreak of Fiction

THE letters have begun to pour into Fleet Street, as they always do at this time of the year, in which the horticulture boys and girls boast of the number of different flowers at present blooming in their gardens. Blooming well blooming, as our office-boy rather pertly remarked.

THE BYSTANDERS.

The New Crockford's

Opening-Night Faces in Carlton House Terrace

Lord Portarlington

Lady Rhodes

George Morris

"Crabbie" (Miss Crabtree, the Secretary)

Jack Dalton

Captain Swan

Mrs. Charles Millar

Dr. Hill-Wood

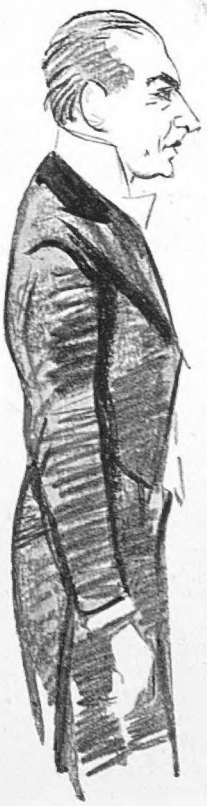
Mrs. Dudley Gilroy

General Sir Ormonde Winter

"Tanner"

Sir Hugh Smiley

Colonel Beasley



P. Albarran and Mrs. Bosworth

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Richard Bird as the drunken newspaperman, and Diana Napier as his mistress, whom he murders, in "The Warren Case"

Pola Illery, the star of René Clair's "Sous les Toits de Paris," has been appearing in "La Rue Sans Nom," at the Rialto

"Jimmy the Gent" gives James Cagney another of those rough, tough parts he does so well. The girl in this quick-moving, more than usually racketeering film is Bette Davis

"Jimmy the Gent"

THE hair of male stars grows shorter as that of female stars grows longer. James Cagney has a shaven head and abbreviated forelock; Bette Davis' flaxen hair is dragged down to a mass of clavicle curls in *Jimmy the Gent.* This tonsorial business must have some significance, but is an unfortunate form of exhibitionism since both stars have heads inappropriately shaped. But what movement, what "pep," what verbal machine-gunnery there is in this picture about yet another form of American racket. Imagine elaborate and competitive organisations to exploit the heirs to fortunes! Joan has been employed by James Corrigan, and is now the secretary and "right-hand man" of a specious scoundrel who talks "ethics" and French clichés, and has members of the "emergency" ward of a hospital in his pay. The story concerns the intrigues to secure the fortune of an old woman who dies in the hospital worth a fortune. The system is to get hold of relatives and obtain a percentage, or as much as they will part with, for securing the inheritance. The real heir to the old woman miser is her nephew, who, under an alias, is in hiding because he is wanted for murder, played by William Hohl, the latest and best screen skunk. The complications are criminally ingenious and "Jimmy the Gent"—Cagney exaggerating "toughness" to inedibility—scoops the board, but proves himself an altruist, and "all for the love of a lady," finally unmasking the oily villain who is his rival. "He 's got ethics." "I don't care if he 's got carbuncles," are lines which give a clue to the story and its method. Knockabout stuff, mixed with melodrama, excellently cut and photographed.

"The Warren Case"

AN English version of the same kind of crook drama. Richard Bird in a James Cagney part. His B.B.C. accent detracts from the force of his characterisation. He just fails, in spite of very honest work, as a drunken and unscrupulous journalist, to make an incredible story believable. If you can think that even a sot, of baulked ambition, would stage and execute the murder of his mistress and incriminate an innocent man in order to re-establish himself with an "exclusive story," then the rest of the story is all right. The film is extraordinarily well directed by Walter Summers, and the photography is exceptionally good.

"Gambling Lady"

THAT is her name, not her status. She runs a poker game, her only inheritance from her father, and she is straight. She marries a gentleman, sartorially unconvincing, in the person of Joel McCrea. You must know the complications that arise from this sort of situation. There is "another woman" (Claire Dodd), a murder, and, naturally, Garry, the husband, is accused. The banal story is skilfully handled (by Archie Margo), so that you are not too soon too sure of the happy ending. Barbara Stanwyck is a very serious and therefore convincing actress even in rather humiliating parts. Watch Pat O'Brien, who easily eclipses McCrea in an ill-cast rôle, and Arthur Vinton in a very small part, better than both of them.

"La Rue Sans Nom"

A PICTURE is not "highbrow" because it is foreign or because it is tragic. This is an ordinary French programme-picture. If you want to convince yourself of René Clair's brilliance, see Pola Illery, who has seemed so specially talented in Clair's pictures, in *La Rue Sans Nom.* She is quite inadequate in what might have been a significant rôle. The daughter of a murderer, young and innocent, her lot cast among vile people; the theme is her gradual and inevitable degradation. But the treatment is pedantic and her virginity seems synthetic. The new-old use of close-ups and almost stereoscopic photography is tiresome, and the English titles fail to realise either the sense or the spirit of the picture.

Curzon Cinema

CAN you bear simplicity? If you are attuned to the over-elaboration of modern metallic theatre decoration, if you like ruchings and rosettes and floral phantasies, and orchestras pantomimically hiccoughing up and down, you will find the small, wide-arched Curzon Cinema, with its graduated simplicity and its "spectrum" curtain, stark and cold. But it is perfectly in keeping with the appeal of the exquisite, if imperfect, *Unfinished Symphony,* with which the Marquis de Casa-Maury has opened his provocative campaign.

Riviera Round About

Tennis and Elegance

Lady de Bathe

Lady de Bathe not only comes under the heading "elegant" on this page, but won a Concours d'Elégance at Les Ambassadeurs at Cannes. She is the wife of Sir Hugo de Bathe, and was photographed outside the Carlton Bar

Shorts and Trousers

A Young-Married

Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont was on her way to the Miramar Bar, wearing her twenty-first birthday mink coat. The de Rougemonts live down at Cobham, in Kent, but don't scorn their many party invitations to London

Left: Mrs. Jimmy McAlpine, Sir Alfred McAlpine's daughter-in-law, played in a tennis tournament at Cannes with "Charles," late of Claridge's, London, as partner, and wore a neat cut in flared white shorts

A Mougins Window

Mrs. Ronald Chittenden, the wife of the Royal St. George's scratch golfer and Champion of Holland, and Miss D'Arcy Hilles at a window of the Country Club, Mougins. Miss Hilles' father is an American, owns Villa Clementina, and was the founder of the Club, of which Lord Derby is President

The Beaumont Cup, at Monte Carlo

Left: the finalists of the Beaumont Cup Tournament, Miss Thomas, Miss Yorke, Mrs. Andrus and Miss Ryan, with Mrs. Beaumont, the widow of the donor of the Cup. Miss Thomas and Miss Yorke beat the American pair 3-6, 6-4, 6-3

Out and About

One for the Country, Two for the Town

Mannell

The Hon. Elizabeth Montagu

Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Isabel Arundell

Above: the Hon. Isabel Arundell is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Arundell of Wardour; she is twenty-one this year. She is a good-looking and attractive person, likes the country, and spends her winters hunting regularly. She has one brother, the Hon. John Arundell, who is twenty-seven; her sister is the Hon. Blanche Arundell

Left, above: the Hon. Elizabeth Montagu is the younger of the two daughters of the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu by his first wife, and a half-sister of the present eight-year-old peer, who succeeded five years ago. Miss Montagu is now on the stage, and has a small part in Naomi Royde-Smith's play, "Private Room," at the Westminster

Kay Vaughan

Miss Peta Davis

Left: Miss Peta Davis is the twenty-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Davis; she is being presented at Court this season by Lady St. John of Bletsoe. She has been staying out in the South of France, but lives in London with her parents in their Cadogan Place house. Miss Davis was one of the most attractive and least self-conscious of the "Les Débutantes" troupe at the Savoy

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 42.

Sir Patrick Hastings

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

No wonder Sir Patrick Hastings has proved so able an advocate. He has lived such an exciting life. Leaving Charterhouse at the age of seventeen, he worked as a miner in a Welsh gold-field. Then he spent six months in a lightship. Then he drifted into Fleet Street. Then he enlisted in a Yeomanry regiment and went to the South African War. Then he drifted back into Fleet Street and became a dramatic critic. He was even offered a walking-on part in a Shakespearean play. He turned it down angrily, however, because the tights would have made him feel self-conscious. Instead, he read for the Bar, being called in 1904.

This volatile young man, with his sense of the dramatic, soon made his mark. After the war he took silk, and then, like many another barrister, entered politics in the Labour interest. For four years he represented Wallsend, during the course of which period he became Attorney-General and was knighted. By the way, he has now given up politics for good.

Sir Patrick, who always seems to get into front-page cases, like the Youssoupoff libel suit, is not as tall as he looks. He has a mordant sense of humour, a poor appetite, a passion for his small grandchildren, Patrick and Corola, a hatred of golf, a flat in Grosvenor House, a farm in Sussex, and a son at Eton.

He smokes a pipe, and enjoys first nights, fishing and shooting. When occasion arises he can be almost unbelievably bitter. Invective is his strong suit, and he has been instrumental in securing the most surprising verdicts.

ALTHOUGH in his fifty-fourth year, Sir Patrick Hastings looks as though he were still in the forties. With his rather sharp features and incisive delivery you would always recognise him as a lawyer. But he has a real sense of the dramatic. Nothing is more spectacular than the way in which he will walk right along the Counsels' seats towards the jury, without saying a word—and then, wagging a finger at them, deliver some telling point. In the old days he was a great figure in running-down cases. Primarily he is a Common Law and Criminal Bar man. But you will find him in every kind of cause célèbre—including divorce. Perhaps his greatest triumph was the acquittal of Mrs. Barney, at the Old Bailey, eighteen months ago.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Gentiles, Jews—and June

Sketches by Rouson

"Here's How!" at the Saville Theatre *June*

"Magnolia Street" (Adelphi)

ANYONE who has read Louis Golding's novel will find it a great help with the tableau vivant which Komisarjevsky has set revolving round the Adelphi stage at Mr. Cochran's behest. There are forty-eight speaking parts, and no end of Magnolians who have their exits and their entrances as part of the crowd, which the producer handles with great skill through fourteen quickly-moving scenes.

I was sorry I hadn't read the book, because, as the roundabout of Jew and Gentile gathered momentum, I should at any rate have found myself keeping pace with the Bermans, the Coopers, the Emanuels, the Shulmans, the Edelmans, and the Derricks. But, great as this advantage might have been, I gather that the voice of Mr. Golding, novelist, is not the voice of Messrs. Golding and Rawlinson, playwrights. In the book, I believe, the author adorned the motif of his prodigious tale with the same

Left: Lord Ullage (George Robey) and his son (Jack Melford) disembark, after an exciting time in America, to an even more exciting time in England. A still later arrival is June, seen also on this page, who is a comparative newcomer to the cast

"Magnolia Street," at the Adelphi: Ne

conclusion about Christians and Jews as Mr. Kipling came to in the matter of East and West.

In the play (if you can call it a play, when panorama seems a better word), the two sides of Magnolia Street are merged into something approaching concord by the Great War. Later they positively coincide at a grand reunion party given by a Jewish boxer to celebrate his American championship. Two lovers of long standing, but different race, announce their engagement. Race clamours indignantly for an end to whoopee; Romance cries "On with the dance!"—and wins.

Whether that is true to the novel I don't know: whether it is true to the inbred traditions which have split the world's Magnolia Streets down the ages, I don't know either. What these united denizens of Doomington tolerated on a night of auld lang syne might not hold good on a morrow devoid of wine and dancing. To break up the party in a rumble of rival mutterings and a quick scurry of outraged Jewish petticoats was a final gesture which would have given the play a significance deep-rooted in the centuries. But it didn't happen that way at the Adelphi, and, rightly or wrongly, I couldn't help thinking of *Abie's Irish Rose*, and feeling that the box-office had won on a bit of a foul.

Do I plunge now, from one side of the Street to the other, into the intricate feuds, liaisons, and love-affairs of its swarm of inhabitants, from the brawling, window-breaking days of peace, through the melting-pot of war, or do I not? Do I make a stupendous effort to "place" the Coopers, trace the final destiny of the Berman girls, sort out the dead Emanuels from the survivors, and reconcile the flashy Winbergs with the rest of the Magnolians, or do I pick out at random such characters as monopolise my feeble memory by virtue of themselves or their interpreters? Do I play Happy, or Unhappy, Families ("Is Rabbi Schulman at home?") or do I distinguish between those players whom I knew and recognised at once, those whom I had to dig laboriously out of the programme, and those whom I couldn't place at the time and never shall?

I don't, I can't, and I won't. Frankly, I don't care to be bewildered in a theatre, and I'm not much thrilled by the lower strata of Jewish shopkeepers. I like to watch the author's puppets grow in substance under my eyes; and when it comes to crowd work, the technique of the film studio has the advantage of the revolving stage.

This mass production is disturbing to the normal theatre-going frame of mind, but, short of numbering the players as if for a "Rugger" International, there is no alternative. Nevertheless, this episodic Mancunian Cavalcade is a mighty achievement. Flashes of sharp drama and opportunist acting stand out in the blurred kaleidoscope. Floreat Magnolia!

Below: the Gentiles (left), Mr. and Mrs. Tarnie (Frank Pettingell and Molly Hamley-Clifford), John and Mary Cooper (Colin Keith-Johnston and Edith Sharpe), Jessie Wright (Beatrix Thomson), Mr. Stanley (Ernest Borrow), Mrs. Derricks (Laura Wright), and Wilfred (Phil Marco). On the right, the Jews: Mr. and Mrs. Poyser (Betty Dalska and George Devine), Mr. and Mrs. Billig (Wolf Silberberg and Elsie Irving), Bennie Edelman (Anthony Quayle), Mr. Emanuel (Alexander Sarner), Johnnie Hummel (Billy Quest), Max Emanuel (Barry Sinclair), Bella Winberg (Dorothy Bouchier), and Rose Berman (Phyllis Konstam)

"Here's How!" (Saville)

Now that June is here, this musical mixture of girls, gags, and gangsters has just the kind of leading lady of whom it can be gratefully said, at a time when leading ladies are not found growing in beauty on gooseberry-bushes, that to do a little gracefully and well is an achievement not always realised by aspirants to top honours. June, dancer, is still the envy of the great slimming sisterhood, and June, singer, has added a good minim to her vocal stature.

In a plot rather over-monopolised by the hero, who is far better employed in step-dancing (Jack Donohue is about the neatest step-dancer in town), and two fellow-gangsters (Reilly and Comfort), who are syncopated vaudeville singers and ought to stick to syncopated singing, in a plot, in fact, which is altogether too painstaking, June's thistledown personality is a definite asset. Otherwise, the last Act might still be going strong, and, as it was, we never quite knew whether the hero was a murderer. Not that we cared, so long as Mr. Donohue got busy with his feet and George Robey did his stuff, old and new, like the master-comedian he is. *Here's How!* when it gets going, is slick, tuney, and entertaining enough for most fans of pretty girls and expert dancing. The lame patches, curable by direction and a plot-pruner, are mercifully overshadowed by the peremptory upraisings of the Robey eyebrows.

TRINCULO.

he twain shall meet—until the last Act!

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

I HAVE been asked to give a little publicity to a new Tournament which is to be inaugurated this year, and is to take place at Cooden Beach.

With great pleasure do I accede to this request, for it may provide just what a great many people desire, and as well as that, it is certain to ensure a very happy week-end for those who take part. It is to take the form of an amateur Mixed Foursomes Tournament under handicap: it will, therefore, be very similar to the famous Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes, excepting that it will be played under handicap, and that the limit of handicap for the pair entering is slightly less severe. The combined handicaps must not exceed eighteen; that is the only stipulation. And so many pairs who, perhaps, are on the verge of being good enough to play at Worplesdon, will now find an outlet for their foursome activities.

From my knowledge of Cooden Beach, and the Tournament Organisers, I do honestly think that the event should provide a most amusing week-end. Entries must be sent in before Thursday, April 5th, to the Secretary, Cooden Beach Golf Club, Bexhill-on-Sea.

HAVE you ever noticed how completely insane people become at this time of year? Not merely because of March, but always when interest is becoming aroused with regard to team selection for various important events. This madness is not solely confined to golfing fiends, but affects others as well: those who are cricket fans, and want to know whether Mr. Jardine will or will not lead England in the Test Matches this year; those who are football fans and have most definite views with regard to the final selection of the England or Scotland side for the Calcutta Cup match; those, in fact, who are anything of fans and whose particular sport is about to have a big match of some sort or other.

This thought comes to me, not merely because of a letter with which I dealt recently on this page, but also because of many letters which I receive on the subject of the Walker Cup match. As you know—those who read this page regularly—some time ago I gave my opinions and then, a little later, revised them, bowing to the storm of friendly abuse which I received; but the extraordinary thing to me, and the whole point of my thoughts at the time of writing, is that people should feel so frightfully strongly on a subject which, frankly, is not of paramount importance. Should we continue this year our series of defeats in our Walker Cup matches with America, the exchange will not be interfered with, our shares will not react, and we will, probably, on the day after the match, be much the same as we were on the day previous to it. Yet the fact remains that I receive letters, either derogatory or in praise, couched in language which would make one think that one's whole life depended on the outcome of this sporting encounter; and the strange thing is that I, myself, suffer from this madness just as much as anybody else, for when I receive these letters, I also rise to the heights of enthusiasm or fall to the depths of cold fury which have evidently inspired my correspondents at the time when they penned them. I may say in one of my articles that I think Mr. A has got an obvious claim to be included in our team, and I am quite certain to be told, sometimes over the telephone even, within five minutes of the publication of this journal on Tuesdays, that I am either absolutely right or dead wrong. What is more, I shall not be told in quiet, well-thought-out phrases one or other of these two opinions: they will be forced down my throat, whether my critics are friendly or otherwise. It does seem an extraordinary thing to me that we should all go so absurdly mad over a matter which, after all, concerns us little.

March Madness

The whole point of any match, whether it be an International or a club match, or just a friendly game with somebody, surely, is a pleasant day or days in the country, as Francis Ouimet once so aptly described it. Yet, from the tone of those who are already so excited about it, one would think that if Cyril Tolley meets Francis Ouimet in one of the matches he will not only refuse to speak to him, but will actually regard him with distaste, with cold antagonism.

The truth, of course, is very far from this ridiculous mental picture, and the truth always is when the talking is over. Even my most hectic hecklers will, at the time of the match, applaud a good shot by an American just as much as they will a good shot by an Englishman. They will look on the individual members of the American side as guests and, in so far as they can, attempt to convey that impression. To hear them speak before, however (now, in this mad month of March, for instance), one would think that they would hide bombs in the beds of the visitors.

I SUPPOSE it really is a very good thing. It does mean, not merely that we are patriotic, but also that we are terribly keen on this game of ours. But I must say now that I think one has got to be careful about it all. Feelings can so easily be hurt—and feelings, after all, should never be hurt over a game. I once heard of a man who declared that, in his opinion, a certain very famous golfer should never again play for England. He made this remark in a loud voice to a friend of his when the subject of his displeasure had missed a short putt to save the match for the whole side. The man who was with him, and who had, up to that time, been a close personal friend of his, took one look at him, disliked his face and everything about him, turned on his heel and walked away, and I understand that these two have never spoken again.

That does seem to be carrying a game into spheres too serious to be countenanced, and so, when I tell you that Henry Howell is a class golfer and should play for our Walker Cup side without any doubt at all (which I firmly believe), don't murder the Selectors, whoever they may be, if they fail to choose him for our team.

Just pity them for making our task more difficult.

Parkstone: the Clubhouse and first tee

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-end Open Amateur Tournament for Men under Handicap for the "Bystander" Trophy and other prizes.

Parkstone, April 7th & 8th, 1934

(Headquarters: The Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth)

• Conditions

Match play in sections of eight, according to net scores by qualifying round of medal play. Top eight competes for Trophy. For more detailed conditions, see page viii.

The "Bystander" £500 Trophy

• Entries

Entries can be received from now onwards by post addressed to: The Golf Editor, "Bystander," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. There is no entry form, but please give your name and address, and enclose a handicap certificate signed by the Secretary of the Club which gives you your lowest handicap.

"The Bystander" reserves the right to refuse any entry.

• Special terms at the Branksome Tower Hotel

Competitors may stay at the Hotel during the week-end on specially arranged terms. The normal inclusive terms range from 22/6 to 32/6 a day, according to accommodation, and include breakfast, lunch, dinner and baths.

All Abroad

Travellers' Fare in Three Continents

Prince George in South Africa

Prince George got in a game of golf on the Royal Port Alfred course during his South African tour. He is playing with Lieut. Lord Hugh Beresford, R.N., Lord Waterford's younger brother, and A.D.C. to the Governor-General

Lord Decies Meets a Countrywoman

Lord Decies, who has been staying for some time in Hollywood, was entertained at the M.-G.-M. Studios by Maureen O'Sullivan, who spent her childhood in Killarney; she and Lord Decies discovered they once lived within fourteen miles of each other, near Dublin. She showed him round the set of "Tarzan and His Mate," the film she is working on

An American in Paris

Nearer home is Mrs. Woolley-Hart, who was photographed arriving at the Ritz, in Paris, for lunch. She was over in time for the Spring collections, and was herself wearing a new line in hat fashions—a pagoda hat, after the Chinese

More Golfers—On a Bahamas Course

Lord Adare, Mr. Brice Pinder, the Duke of Sutherland, and Mr. Anthony Drexel have all been staying in Nassau, to escape their native winters; they were playing golf at the Bahamas Country Club

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Will Scrummaging Tell?

Wales beat Ireland at Swansea by thirteen points to nothing in a match in which Ireland did most of the pressing and Wales all the scoring in the last ten minutes. Swansea has never been a lucky ground for the Irishmen, for for they have not won there since 1888-9 when they were victorious by two tries to nil and it lived up to its reputation. The picture above shows an incident during the match when, during a maul, a Welsh player lobs a pass to one of the outsides

THERE'S no doubt of it, we shall soon be taking a reluctant farewell of the Rugby football season. I like to think it will be reluctant, at any rate, though most players will have had enough of it by now. It is a wearing game, and staleness is a horrible affliction. Do you remember what an effort it was sometimes even to change into the clothes which, in September, had symbolised so much enjoyment to come?

Perhaps three-quarters do not suffer from staleness so much as their harder-working brethren in the pack. I dare say the nimble-footed gentlemen get tired of running and kicking and tackling, but a forward has an additional source of weariness in the pounding of the scrummage, the neck-wrenching, ear-twisting, temper-destroying holding and shoving as the ball flies in and out like a pea on a plate. It may be that I am imagining now what I never felt in my playing days, but I seem conscious of a series of thuds, a succession of boots in the back, an endless mauling which became wearisome as Easter approached. After all, the average forward has little but bruises to show for his pains. There are intangible rewards, such as the satisfaction of packing well or wheeling competently, but many an honest scrummager goes through a game without running with the ball, or even dribbling it, for more than a couple of yards.

LET us admit, then, that even the best of games can pall in due course, though that need not make us ungenerous in our criticism of it. For all that, I am writing rather in the dark this week. The Calcutta Cup match will have been played by the time you honour me by reading these notes, whereas I put my thoughts to paper before the great event.

It is a great event this year, I think, not entirely because England may or may not go through the season undefeated for the first time since 1927. I find this singularly difficult, for anything I say will, no doubt, be taken in evidence against me, and I am bound to be proved wrong by a malign fate if I declare that this England team fills me with hope for the future.

I suppose it will now be smashed to pieces by the inconsiderate Scotsmen, but still I maintain that we may look upon it with benevolent satisfaction. How wise, for example, the Selectors were to appreciate the sound scrummaging of the English pack against Ireland, and to keep those first two rows intact, although D. A. Kendrew was fit.

This pack, to my mind, is the nearest approach to a sound scrummaging unit we have had since the great Luddington, Gardner, Conway, Wakefield era ten years ago and more. It is, moreover, not only the fact that the Selectors have found the right forwards, but that they have looked for them, and built up a pack on the assumption that binding and packing and shoving really do matter.

POSSIBLY Scotland have been holding secret scrum-practices, and were therefore able to give the lie to their critics at Twickenham, but it is still true that Scottish forward play has been seriously harmed by specialisation in the schools. I hope, indeed, that as you read this you will be able to nod and say, "Yes, the difference between the English and Scottish packs in the close work really was significant, and scrummaging certainly won the game for England."

WALES are another country who would do well to profit by a similar object-lesson. To my mind, Wales are just about the best side of the year, but their scrummaging is not up to snuff. They have fine break-away forwards: they are good in the loose rushes and the line-out; but they fail too often in the close work. And Wales have the backs who would profit by solid scrummaging. They need, I think, a scrum-half who can shoot out a longer and swifter pass than Bert Jones, excellent though Jones is in the ordinary phases of scrum-half play. But Cliff Jones, at stand-off half, deserves the best possible service, for he is in a class by himself among modern attacking stand-off halves.

It would, indeed, be interesting to see a game between the remodelled Welsh side and England. The match at Cardiff was a farce, but Wales are now a very different proposition.

I'M glad Slow has had his chance for England at last. It has been a long time coming, but only this year has he settled down as a consistently useful and constructive stand-off half. Incidentally, I have had a couple of letters imputing all sorts of malpractices, in the way of obstruction and so on, to certain English players, and I can only reply that I have noticed very little deliberate infringement of the laws. Here and there, perhaps, it might have been possible to point out temporarily suspicious characters, but on the whole I think Rugby football this year has been more than usually blameless.

AND that reminds me: not only will you know the result of the Calcutta Cup match when this appears, but we should have news of the appeal of the French Federation to the committee of the four Home Unions.

I was assured the other day that efforts were being made to clean up the game in France, but that all was not well yet. That, I am convinced, is the view which the Home Unions will take, and I am afraid it will be a long time before enthusiastic Rugby followers can make the French match the excuse for a visit to Paris again.

Old Cranleighan Characters

Discovered by H. H. Harris at Thames Ditton, the Rugby Club's Home Ground

Left: J. W. Williams, Vice-President, seen at a needle-match

Jim Larkin, one of the founders of the Club, has borne the brunt of the running ever since

Left: "Hippo" Lee, Match Secretary

Clive Wallis, 6 ft. 3 in. of "he-man"

Jack Durrant, deputy scrum-half

"Stan" Couchman, England Trial Cap, second-row forward

Reggie Mathys, Honorary Secretary

Bill Swanton, one of the most active members of the Committee

Alan Key, Captain, English scrum-half

...t: H. P. ...b, otherwise ...ko," the old ...eland three-...arter, and Ox-... Blue, now ...g good work ... "Rugger" ...ch at the School

"Bish" Bishop, a "joy" on the Committee

Jim Allsup, second-row forward

Bill Beynon, Vice-Captain

Norman Martin, still very active running the bar

The new fly-half, Jeffrey Reynolds, quite fresh from school

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk"

Caricatures by "Jonk"

Henry Lisser

As the Bo'sun from Yorkshire

WHAT a good play *Eight Bells* is, and what an excellent performance the S.E.D.O.S. gave of it at the Scala. In no time at all, one had forgotten that these were amateurs, or, indeed, that they were actors at all; one was transported, as the audiences at the Duchess Theatre were transported, night after night, during the long run of the play there, to the South Atlantic, where the good ship Combermere lay becalmed on August 4th-5th, 1914. Frank Blizard strutted, swore, and stormed his way through the play as the young Captain who "couldn't carry corn"; a thrill went round the theatre every time he said "bloody," which he had to do so often that even the back rows of pit, circle, and gallery became a little blasé. His drunk scene was excellent, and one of the many rounds of applause followed his staggering exit.

John Cohen

As the German Steward

BOBBIE SHELTON gave, in the hero's part, as Ormrod, the First Mate, an honest, restrained and convincing piece of acting, perfectly in keeping with the character. Here was a man to respect and trust, whose intelligence, if not unlimited, was as sound as a bell. On the second night, Mr. Shelton's memory betrayed him for a few seconds in the last Act, but he made clever play with his pipe-lighting to fill the gap.

JOHN COHEN, as the faithful, timid, and yet courageous German steward, was pure joy from beginning to end; his performance must be judged as just the best among the excellencies of the evening. He had achieved a walk that became as much a part of the character as his broken English and his impeccable manners.

FRANK ENGELMANN appeared as the German "sails," the leader of the "square-head" mutiny, who became for a few hours master of the ship; as that almost patriarchal figure of integrity, generosity and wisdom, he took full advantage of his part. John Houlden, as Collister, the Second Mate, a "nice boy" who had few thoughts beyond a joke or a fight, Henry Lisser, as the bluff, independent bo'sun, whose Yorkshireisms delighted the house, Cyril Habbermann, as the brutal and villainous-looking Klotz, John Walter, as the even more villainous dago seaman, Pancho, all had their moments as the secondary characters who worthily supported the stars.

Bob Shelton

As the First Mate

AND then there was Marjorie Dale, the Captain's wife, and the only woman in the piece. Joy Statham was as Irish, high-spirited, brave and guileless in this part as any man could wish; she acted with a light, firm touch, moved confidently and yet gracefully, and, altogether, was a young woman of charm and character.

A WORD must be said about Leycester Bedwell's storm, which thundered and blew in the most tropically natural way. It was a great disappointment that the curtain came down when it did, just when we were getting all excited to see how the First Mate would handle the ship in all that wind. Leycester Bedwell, besides being the stage manager to the Society, is a capable actor himself.

Joy Statham

As Marjorie, the Captain's wife

LASTLY, Frederick G. Lloyd is to be congratulated on the production in general, and the speed at which the play was taken in particular; no amateurish slowness is permitted by Mr. Lloyd. The only fault to be found was in the scene between the four German mutineers, when they continued to speak broken English; would it not have been possible to adopt the convention of ordinary "King's" English to represent their own tongue, which they surely would have been using? But this is a minor point and, anyway, constitutes a trap that many a professional has failed to avoid.

THE election of the 1934 Committee for General Purposes takes place today. As the first election to be held under the new system of voting, it will be an interesting one. The new system, which was adopted after last year's change-over, has very general approval. The ordinary member obviously cannot know enough about thirty candidates to allow all his choices to be considered and weighty ones; now that he only has to name twenty-five candidates, he has, so we calculate, a margin of sixteen and two-thirds per cent. for the gaps in his knowledge of his colleagues, or his dislikes and disapprovals. But we have asked ourselves this question: what would happen if everyone in the House voted for the same twenty-five candidates? How would the places be filled for which no candidates had been named? It 's not likely that some four thousand assorted people would all think exactly alike, but they might. . . On the other hand, the candidates vote too, so every name will probably be mentioned at least once. Perhaps this is a partial answer to the conundrum.

Just as the old Inn has stood the test of time, so have the Dunlop Tyres that bring you to it. They have both been *built to last.*

"Shall we push off now, or go and have another laugh at the Botticellis?"

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides:

By "Big Ben"

It will be a long time before the reverberations of the L.C.C. election die away. The Conservative Party pundits expected to lose a good many seats, but they never dreamt of the crushing defeat that came to them. The result really is East Fulham all over again. Good organisation and enthusiasm triumphed over bad organisation, or no organisation at all, and apathy.

There is a body called the London Municipal Society. It is to the Municipal Reformers what the Conservative Central Office is to the Tories. The head of this L.M.S. (my apologies to Sir Josiah Stamp) is Lord Jessel. He issued manifestoes before, during and after the L.C.C. election. Their effect was precisely nil.

Anyway, it doesn't matter much, because his Lordship will probably now seek an early retirement. Sir William Ray has already gone. He went while the going was good. But when the question arises as to who is to succeed Lord Jessel, the powers that be might remember that Mr. Herbert Morrison, for whom the election was, in fact, a personal victory, is not only a first-rate organiser, but a man who is known—something more than a paragraph at election times—to virtually the whole of the London electorate.

The North Hammersmith by-election is already being put down in the lobbies as a Government defeat. Miss Pickford might have held the seat at the next General Election; she had a charm all her own, and her constituents loved her. (Miss Cazalet's tribute in the *Times* was most obviously her own, but it was none the less true.) For anyone else—and in a by-election at that—Hammersmith is a nasty proposition.

The Conservatives have brought a new man in to take charge of the London area. This by-election will be his first fight. It is an opportunity for him to show us what he is made of and whether North Country methods can be used in the South. But if he fails it is no good asking for his head on a charger immediately afterwards. He should be given a chance—and (metaphorically, I insist) a bag of dynamite. His name is Armstrong; good, so far as it goes.

Which reminds me of General Nation. He asked a question in the House the other day. What is the life of a tank? Mr. Duff-Cooper told him that he could not say; it was not that he did not know (absurd thought!), but it was not the sort of information that could be noised abroad. The public interest—so convenient at times—was at stake. Charge to the taxpayer, one guinea; nobody satisfied.

Why didn't General Nation ask Mr. Cooper direct to tell him what he wanted to know? Of course, the Financial Secretary to the War Office is to be approached with caution. One sees to it that any question to be put to him does not invite a rude answer. But a General should have no fear. Maybe, though, he remembered that discretion is the better part of valour.

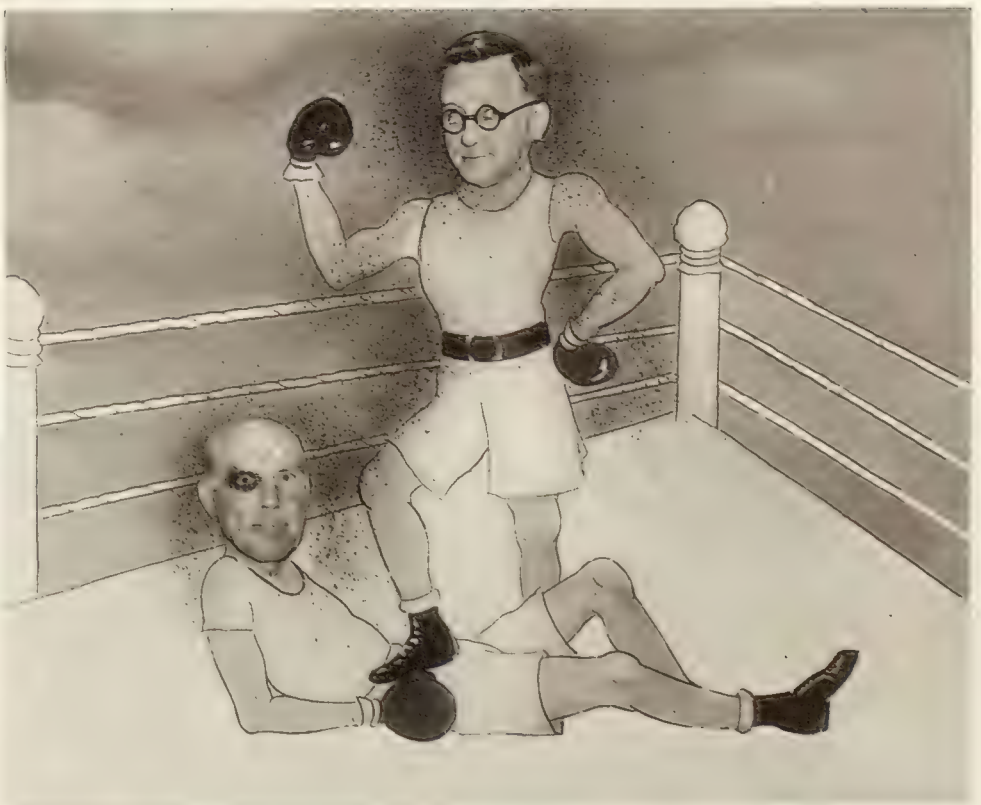
Lord Elibank, who has been popping about on the outskirts of Cabinet circles ever since the war, has written a book which he calls *A Man's Life*. I was interested to see that he says in it that Mr. Runciman was never really happy at the Ottawa Conference. A Free Trader with all those Protectionists—no wonder, poor man—he was the chicken amongst the cats. Yet, surprisingly, he has not had the attacks made on him that his fellow Liberal, Sir John Simon, has had to put up with; yet another indication that personalities count for more than principles.

The Liberal Nationalists have been very restrained in their defence of their leader. Rumour says, but, of course, Rumour is so seldom to be believed, that some of them would not be in the least sorry to see a change at the Foreign Office. I don't know whether the Treasury is anxious at all. It appears that the Simonite label is being gradually but systematically dropped for the less noxious appendage, Liberal Nationalist.

The four Conservative Members who sit for Welsh seats rushed into print to defend Sir John. Wales, one reflects, is still a Liberal stronghold, and Liberal votes will probably make all the difference as to whether we shall have the fiduciary four with us at Westminster after the next election.

This week we have had a bout of estimates. Air, Navy and Army have all had their say; at times the Chamber reminded one of an officers' mess. We have a fine array of the higher ranks in the two Senior Services. It is a great pity that on occasions Members do not appear in full regalia. The Prime Minister would be delighted. There is nothing he enjoys more than getting into his uniform. Sometimes, though, there is a sting in it, as when it was remarked that an Elder Brother of Trinity House was just what he should be. No man knows better how to run a ship on the rocks.

I now hear that the proceeds of the Pageant of Parliament (at the Albert Hall) are to be divided between the Personal Service League and the furtherance of the Conservative cause throughout the country, and will not go to the Conservative Central Office, as I said a fortnight ago. The Pageant Committee are to divide the profits and forward them direct to the various Conservative Associations, so that no money will pass through the Central Office.



The London Municipal Society, responsible for the Municipal Reform propaganda at the last L.C.C. election, received a knock-down blow when the polls were declared and it was found that the Socialists were in power. "The Bystander" artist here shows Lord Jessel, the L.M.S. leader, in a recumbent position, having been knocked out by that astute campaigner, Mr. Herbert Morrison

Meets and Meetings

What Would Social Life Be Without Horses?

Above: Mr. Cadogan, Mrs. Crichton Maitland, Miss Victoria Fuller, Miss Standish, and Mrs. Master at the Royal Welch Fusiliers' point-to-point at Steeple Aston, near Trowbridge, Wilts

Left: Mr. D. H. B. Barrett, Mr. Peter Curtis, Miss Nicholson, and Lady Patricia Mackay at the Salisbury Plain Steeplechase Meeting at Windmill Hill. Mr. Barrett rode his horse, Indian Mutiny, in the Military Foxhunters' Cup

Above: Miss Daphne Courthope and Mr. H. S. Eeles at the Eridge meet at Bayham Abbey, Lord Camden's place near Tunbridge Wells

Below, left: Mr. Philip Kindersley, who won the Light-Weight Race on his horse, Michael, with Lady Brougham and Vaux, Mrs. Kindersley, and a friend at the Whaddon Chase point-to-point, which was held near Bletchley

Lord Cowdray and the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, who rode in the Ladies' Open Race, watching from a car-roof at the Whaddon point-to-point

Out with the Quorn at Asfordby Hall and Gaddesby

Lady Dalkeith, Mrs. Somerset and Mr. Brendon Bracken, M.P., at Asfordby Hall, where the Quorn had their after-the-ball meet. Asfordby Hall, which is quite near Melton, belongs to Mr. and Lady Teresa Cross

Above: Mrs. J. D. Player took her small dog to the Quorn meet at Gaddesby; she is talking to Lady Blandford. The sun shone gloriously at the meet, but a poor day's hunting followed, and at this stage of the season, with comparatively few days to go, this was a sad blow to the stalwarts

Above, right: Miss Ulrica Thynne, Mr. Grazebrook and Miss Villiers Stuart at the Asfordby Hall meet. To make up for the bad day at Gaddesby, the Asfordby day produced fine sport

Colonel Clarke, Mrs. Alastair MacIntyre and Mrs. Todd watching the field go round the Windmill Hill course at the Salisbury Plain meeting

Miss Robinson and Miss Pamela Nichols were two of the big crowd that turned out to see the soldiers riding their races at Windmill Hill

Lady Catherine Willoughby, after three days' racing at Cheltenham, had a days' hunting with the Quorn

Caught in the Act . . .

A Fly's-Eye View of London

Getting Married—

Mr. William Aspinall Turner, the Queen's Bays, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. J. A. Turner, and the Hon. Joan Yerburgh, Lord Alvingham's elder daughter, were married last week at Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore. Miss Yerburgh wore white satin, and her three bridesmaids, who included her sister, the Hon. Marjorie Yerburgh, wore green

Right : Elisabeth Bergner and C. B. Cochran dancing together at the party Miss Bergner gave on the stage at the Apollo to celebrate the hundredth performance of "Escape Me Never"

Dancing—

Going to the Theatre—

In the audience at the first night of "Magnolia Street" were Mae Murray, the film star, and Miss Gloria Gordon, Colonel and Mrs. William Gordon's débutante daughter

Doing Her Stuff—

Marion Chase sang her songs and played the piano for herself in the best American entertainer's style at the Café de Paris for a week or two. She came over here straight from the Surf Club, New York. The U.S.A. certainly do provide us with good cabarets

Swaebe

Right : Miss Molly Bishop, who catches likenesses right and left for our pages, got Mr. Edward Hulton's profile imprisoned in her sketch-book at a luncheon-party at the Ice Club, Millbank

Catching Us a Profile—

· GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Bassano

The Hon. Viola Lyttelton

The Hon. Viola Lyttelton is the eldest of the three daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Cobham, of Hagley Hall, Stourbridge. Besides being very good-looking, she is full of personality, and is also very musical. She is twenty-two this year; her two younger sisters are sixteen and thirteen, and she has one brother, who is three years her senior. Lord Cobham is the Lord-Lieutenant of the City and County of Worcester, and does a great deal of work down there in Local Government affairs. He was M.P. for Droitwich from 1910 to 1916. Lady Cobham is the daughter of Mr. Charles Leonard, of Gloria, Cape Colony

THE first Levée took place in the rain. Let us hope that no such fatality will mar the first Court, when London gets its preliminary peep at the debs. About this time of the year the mothers of such start a sort of examination, readying their chickens for the sally-forth from the family hen-coop. I hear they are all so young this year: sixteens and seventeens, quite enough to put the poor young men at sixes and sevens. "Debs to follow" might include Lady Gloria Vaughan, Lady Elizabeth Paget, Lady Cecilia Wellesley, Miss Katharine Hotham and Miss Rachel Whitaker. It is rather fun, so early in the year, to try to spot a Margaret Whigham or a Lady Bridget Poulett in the making. By the way, I made a grave error about the latter, suggesting that she worked in a hat-shop as a mannequin—though plenty of really charming girls do work for their living. She says she has not worked in a hat-shop, was not working in a hat-shop, and never would work in a hat-shop, all in that delightfully forcible style which she can assume. But she did work for a quarter of an hour for Mrs. Taffy Rodd at the opening of her hat-shop, as a friendly gesture to her great friend.

A VERY attractive newcomer to the ranks of young-marrieds is Mrs. "Barney" du Boulay, a charming Portuguese girl who can lick her husband's head off at golf, and he is no slouch at the game. She is the daughter of the Conde de Louza, and was, before her recent marriage in Lisbon, the queen of the Portuguese debs, D. Isabel de Lancastre. A golf match with her and Joyce Wethered on one side, and her husband and Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas on the other, reduced the latter pair to a state of nervous pulp in their overwhelming defeat. At a cocktail-party given to greet the bride by Mrs. Arthur du Boulay was the wife of the Portuguese Ambassador, Mme. Ulrich, Lady Knollys, Mrs. Jack Courtauld, whose husband is still in India, Mr. Errol Holmes, who is to captain the Surrey cricket side this season, and Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Ellis. Surely Lieutenant-Generals are uncommon

Right: a new portrait of the attractive Portuguese wife of Mr. "Barney" du Boulay; she and her husband have just arrived in England, after their wedding in Lisbon. Mrs. du Boulay is the daughter of the Conde de Louza

Janet Jevons

Mrs. N. H. du Boulay

birds at cocktail-parties? But this one looks young enough and is human enough to be a subaltern.

NIGHT-CLUB activity is very great in London, and I hear from Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, who survived the Berengaria's awful Atlantic crossing to be strong enough to ring up her friends the next day, that New York is one riot of gaiety. Here at the Monseigneur the Yacht Club Boys are triumphant; the Prince of Wales was in there to hear them one night. At Ciro's the Carolin Buchman Girls are performing, and yet another American turn is at the Café de Paris, with Ben Blue and his nit-wits. And Ambrose is back again at the Embassy. Mr. "Chips" and Lady Honor Channon are gracing every party of importance, lending distinction to the social whirl in which we live. And Barbara Cartland has launched a leader about Mayfair's Morality, and wants to deliver us from Society's Sewer Humour. "Beauty is dead," she says (has she seen "Les Girls"?), "murdered by a laughter which springs from no foundation of true humour, but a gutter too foul for description." Hang that laughter, I say.

THERE is abundant musical genius about at the moment. Rachmaninoff filled the Queen's Hall, and played as brilliantly as ever, but he seems older and rather more weary than on his last visit. Russians, though, never look particularly cheerful or happy. Cortot, who is a friend of Mr. Beddington Behrens, played for him at an evening party at his house. As he was playing on one of his beloved Pleyel pianos, the great French pianist truly gave of his best, ranging from Vivaldi to Albaniz. When he announced that, by request, he would play some Liszt, Lady Oxford exclaimed: "Liszt? I hate Liszt!", and kept on repeating it. Perhaps it was the fashion in her young days to decry the works of the worthy Abbé; yet the great pianists of to-day all include his sonata in their repertoire. Conchita Supervia was in the audience, with her husband, Mr. Ben Rubinstein, also Captain Victor Cazalet, Sir Frank and Lady Newnes, Sir William Rothenstein, and Mlle. Sylvia de Oliveira. Lady Oxford unfortunately had to slip out of the room with a violent fit of coughing during the playing of the Liszt arrangement of Schubert's "Litanei." Perhaps it was that unworthy Abbé's fault?

THE Academy Cinema provided a first-night audience for *La Robe Rouge*, which many have seen before as the play *The Arm of the Law*, in which Arthur Bouchier appeared as the examining magistrate, Mouzon, complete with brown spade beard. Lord and Lady Reading, Lady Gainsborough, Sir Kingsley and Lady Wood, Lord and Lady Bective, hosts of Rothschilds and Jessels, Sir Arthur and Lady Colefax, and Sophie Lady Hall were in the audience; also a charming American girl, who asked me if I had heard the story of Al Jolson when he went to be photographed by Cecil Beaton in New York; also the one of Walter Winchell and Cecil Beaton. Can the Beaton-ian fans, if any, enlighten us?

THE British Olympic Association held its annual dinner at the Dorchester, with Sir Harold Bowden in the chair, and King George of Greece as the guest of honour. Lord Hailsham and Lord Burghley both spoke excellently to the 300 guests, who included cyclists, lacrosse players, weight-lifters, swimmers (one noted member of the Penguin and Mermaid Clubs). At Sir Harold Bowden's table was his son, Mr. Frank Bowden, who is engaged to Miss José Hiénon-de-Messey, an attractive Belgian. Though only twenty-three, he inherited a large fortune from his grandfather, and, like Lord Michelham, is a great student of economics. Lord Scarsdale, who reports that his wife is so much better, Captain and Mrs. "Babe" Barnato, Mrs. Mills, Mr. Dale Bourn, and Sir Harry Brittain were all there, and, of course, Sir Harry Preston, with his little party.

A VERY good party was given by Mrs. Sacher at her house in Addison Road, as a farewell to the Simon Markses, who are off to Palestine for a few weeks. The Sieffs, Sachers, Marks and Laskis are all related—the family permutations and combinations must be enormous, nearly as many as the multiple stores which they control. They were all at the party, which was considerably helped by the Yacht Club Boys. Mrs. Paul Baron, Miss Betty Hamilton (of "Les Girls" fame) and Miss Rosemary Culme-Seymour were all pretty enough to attract extra notice.

MR. PEEPS

GOING OUT TO

Lord Brecknock and M. Felix Ferry watching "Les Girls," at the Dorchester. Lord Brecknock is one of their most regular admirers, and M. Ferry bears some of the responsibility for introducing these beauties to London

Mrs. Hankey was hatless and looking very attractive at the cocktail-party Mrs. Neave gave. She was wearing a love-knot brooch, all of diamonds

Right: Mrs. Harriet Harriman was also at Mrs. Neave's cocktail-party, and wore a dashing black pirate hat which went well with her lovely grey hair

GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Mitzi Mayfair, the star dancer of "Les Girls," makes a nice picture when she's doing her steps

Right: Jayne Manners, tall and blonde, and one of "Les Girls," croons dreamily into the "mike"

Here is Miss Sonia Converse having lunch at Quaglino's, in a black coat, with fur collar and leg-of-mutton sleeves, which she designed herself

Woman to Woman

LOOKING back on Cheltenham, it seems that a few more words on its social side wouldn't come amiss: it's the first really big "do" of the year and practically everybody you could think of was there. Most of them were lucky enough to be staying in house-parties; it's asking a bit too much to do it from London every day, as some of us know. The first day started off wet, and white mackintoshes were as common as the sand on the seashore, but nevertheless looked very smart. Never has there been such a big first-day crowd. The North Country was well represented, by Lord Grimthorpe, for one, and the Hon. Ann Wood for another. The latter had brought a bandaged leg (the result of a kick from a horse, and by all accounts she was lucky not to have broken it), but had forgotten her mackintosh. However, an exceedingly gallant officer stepped forward and lent her his umbrella. Captain and Mrs. Stirling Stuart (also from Yorkshire) were wandering about with Lady Mountgarret. Sir Ian and Lady Forbes-Leith, who are only too seldom seen in the South, were there. She was looking for Sir Ian at one moment; his head is easy to see above the crowd. Some of us would like on such occasions to have his six foot seven inches. Also, he was one of the few wearers of a soft hat—another distinguishing mark.

MR. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham—she in navy blue and a mackintosh and a halo hat, which must have meant her hair got a bit wet in front—brought the Pat Dennises and Mrs. "Boy" Wilson with them. What inveterate racegoers all those are! The Comtesse de Pret Roose brought Major Charlie Clarke (another wearer of a soft hat). Mr. and Mrs. Tom Fairhurst were others noticed. He was walking about with Miss Victoria Fuller, who wore a béret with her mackintosh. The Master of the V.W.H. Cricklade was with Mrs. Keith Menzies. Lady Lindsay came down from Scotland to see her horse, Inverse, run, and the Master of Gray, who looks after her stud, was with her. Unfortunately, Inverse broke a leg and had to be shot. Sir Peter Grant Lawson, who was the jockey, put out his shoulder when they fell. Mrs. Quintin Gilbey wore a duck's-egg blue felt hat and white mackintosh with a beaver cravat round her neck, and was seen arm-in-arm with her husband.

THE first people to be seen on the second day, which was even more crowded than the first, but luckily fine, though cold, were Lord and Lady Abergavenny, she with the crown of her hat all different-coloured flat feathers. The Duke of Gloucester was walking with a very attractive girl in a check coat and skirt, and blue béret-shaped hat. Another to be seen was Lady Cromwell, talking to her brother, Captain Philip Cripps. Mr. and Mrs. Mountjoy Fane, she in a black coat and skirt, and an eye-veil to her black hat, were busy, like everybody else, with the bookmakers. The day was tragically marred by Mr. Alan Heber-Percy's fatal fall at the first fence in the big race of the day.

MISS DIANA EYRES-MONSELL brought a large party over from Dumbleton, including Sir Geoffrey Congreve, who rode his horse, Vainlove, in the Broadway Novices Steeplechase, but only managed to finish last. However, he did complete the course, which was more than some poor chaps did. The third and last day was more fun for those who dislike crowds and being bumped about and trampled on. Lady Warrender, in a fur coat and red hat, was walking about with Lord Londesborough, and Lord and Lady O'Neil, she in a dark-blue coat and skirt, bright-red hat, and skirt, and jaeger coat were together. Lord Westmorland was busy offering hospitality in a box, as were Sir Lionel and Lady Darell.

MRS. CHARLES TREMAYNE, looking most attractive in a Glen Urquhart check suit of royal blue and beige, royal blue hat, and ermine coat with red orchids pinned to the collar, was talking to Captain and Mrs. Teddy Brook, the latter wearing a short fur coat over her green suit. Lady Lettice Cotterill, in a red check coat and skirt and red hat, was with her husband and her sister, Lady Sybil Lygon, who had on her brown leather coat. Mrs. Robert Jenkinson, who doesn't care if there's a crowd or not, because she can always see over everybody's head, had on a dark-blue and white check, with a red over-check coat and skirt and a dark-blue hat. Mrs. Michael Hornby had had a long coat of the same tweed the day before. Congratulations to Captain and Mrs. Arthur Pilkington on a son and heir. She is the eldest of Major Jack Harrison's row of daughters.

MRS. PEEPS

Antoinette, Doro

A Theatrical

Antoinette Cellier

Antoinette Cellier is the clever and attractive daughter of Frank Cellier and Florence Glossop-Harry, and a granddaughter of Sir Augustus Harry, the famous impresario. She is at present playing with great success in Philip and Aimée Stuart's play, "Sixteen," at the Embassy. She made a good start in her stage career last year, with Gladys Cooper, in "Firebird," at the Playhouse

Dorothy Bo

Dorothy Bouchier, herself half-Jewish, is [illegible] of at the Adelphi, and is playing Bella Winn[illegible] stage experience having been in musical c[illegible]. years to British and Dominion Pictures, and [illegible] "It's a Cop," with Sydney Howard. Dorothy Bouc

thy and Betty

Triptych

Photographs by Walter Bird

Bouchier

of the enormous cast in "Magnolia Street," this is her first straight part, her previous dy. She is also under contract for three s made half-a-dozen films for them, including Bouchier is, in private life, Mrs. Harry Milton

Betty Stockfield

Betty Stockfield started her stage career in 1924, but since 1932 has concentrated on film work. She has just come back from Paris, where she made several films, including "La Bataille," which will be shown in London before long. Since her return, she has been cast for star parts in two new films—"The Man Who Changed his Name," at Twickenham Studios, and "Sign, Please!" for Paramount

Below: Mrs. Eustace Storey was at Miss Penelope Dudley Ward's cocktail party, dressed all in brown, and with a brown fox collar tied in front with a ribbon bow

Prince and Princess Soutzo of Roumania, Sir Robert Throckmorton, and Mrs. C. Ogden at Monseigneur, where the Yacht Club Boys are drawing big crowds

Looking at London

From Six o'Clock till Midnight

Left: Miss Penelope Dudley Ward gave a cocktail-party for the Committee of the March Hare Ball, which was held last week in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. Miss Dudley Ward was Chairman of the Ball Committee

Below: another supper-party at the Monseigneur included Lady Anne Rhys, the Hon. David Rhys, and Lady Ursula Packe. Not the least good of these Yacht Club Boys' songs is the one which enquires so interestedly and variedly into the derivation and meaning of "Monseigneur": it's a winner with the audience

Below: Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, wearing a white dress with silver embroidery, was dancing at the Dorchester

ROUNDABOUT

Swaebe

On the Embankment

Above: the Duke of Norfolk investing Brig.-General J. G. Rotton, C.B., C.M.G., with the insignia of the President of the Shropshire Society in London, to which office he was elected at the Incorporated Accountants' Hall, on the Victoria Embankment

Right: Mr. H. D. Turrall, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Turrall, of Monkleigh, Bideford, and Miss Helen Luxmoore, daughter of the late Mr. C. F. Luxmoore, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., and Mrs. Luxmoore, of Bolton, were married at All Saints, Okehampton

Married in Devonshire

Hunting in Scotland

Lady Linlithgow with her three daughters, Lady Anne, Lady Doreen, and Lady Joan Hope, at the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Meet at Kirknewton, Midlothian. Lady Anne Hope has recovered from her bad hunting accident, but has not started riding again and is still only able to follow hounds by car

The Imperial Club at Oxford

Swaebe

Supper at the Café de Paris

Miss Pat Charles, the second of the three attractive Charles sisters, and Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine had supper at the Café de Paris one evening last week. How about Miss Charles finding a double for the best-dressed regular?

Left: a group at the Imperial Club's sherry party, held by the President, Mr. Ivor Bannet, at University College. In the group are Mr. Gordon Murray, Treasurer of the Oxford Union, Mr. R. Kay-Shuttleworth, Mr. Charles Stanwood, Mr. Rabore, Mr. E. M. R. Lewis, Miss Cochrane, Miss Jacobson, Miss Jeudwine, Miss Shawcross, Mr. Brient, Miss Pearson, and Mr. Rees-Jones

Music (and all That)

A Gifted Composer

By "Melos"

Below: Yvonne Printemps as Melanie, the ward of Paul, Duc de Chaucigny-Varennes, whose singing is one of the many attractions of "Conversation Piece"

Sasha

A "Conversation Piece"

Paul, Duc de Chaucigny-Varennes (Noel Coward), recalling the past to his old flame, Lady Julia Charteris, when they meet at Brighton. A scene from "Conversation Piece," at His Majesty's Theatre

Sasha

Yvonne Printemps

ENGLAND is suffering musical losses. Elgar has gone, full of years and honours. There followed the tragic death of Norman O'Neill, who was under sixty. O'Neill painted, of course, on a far smaller canvas; the symphony and the oratorio were not his province. But what he did, he did supremely well. A charming personality and a man of rare taste, his genius lay in the direction of songs, sets of dances, and, above all, incidental music for the theatre.

In this last he was unrivalled. He could impart "atmosphere" by the simplest means. I have never known the eerie, as well as the melodious, so perfectly achieved as in his music for *Mary Rose*, a play for whose success O'Neill was responsible in a not much less degree than the author himself. In *The Blue Bird*, and many other plays, he wrote some delightful stuff which does not deserve to be forgotten, nor, indeed, will it be forgotten. And he died with his powers undiminished, for the music he was writing for the series of Stoll Shakespearean revivals was in his best style.

THAT style was almost wholly individual. But if he had any musical affinity, it was with his great friend, Delius. "Delius's music is so *tender*," O'Neill often remarked to me, and his own music was tender too.

It was interesting to see the two men together at Delius's house at Grez-sur-Loing, Delius cheerful, in spite of his blindness, ordering champagne to be opened, and talking in the broadest Yorkshire, O'Neill, with that whimsical smile of his, telling the latest musical news from London. I never thought that O'Neill would be the first to go.

I FELL to wondering why Joseph Hislop is not singing at Covent Garden this year when I was listening to his recital at the Queen's Hall the other night. When he sang leading parts there a year or two ago, in the "grand" season, he was meeting the world's greatest singers and holding his own with—or, possibly, against—them. He was for some time the chief tenor at the Opera House at Stockholm, where the standard is high. He is a good-looking fellow, slim and still young. But there you are.

He sang some familiar operatic airs with that full, round tone and perfect flexibility of which, at one time, Italian singers were considered to possess the monopoly. Most British tenors, even some of the best, have a forced-up-baritone quality in their voices. Not so Hislop. He can also sing with musical sensibility, which can be done by few Italian tenors, with whom it is, more often than not, a case of vox, et præterea nihil. I hate to think what an Italian tenor would have made of Dr. Vaughan Williams's song-cycle, *On Wenlock Edge*. Hislop sang it immaculately.

I HAVE no prejudice in favour of jazz-bands. Rather the reverse. But there is something about the vitality of Cab Calloway and his attendant jazzers which I found attractive. These people, for one thing, are not pretentious. They do not attempt the classics and do nasty things with them, nor do they pose as being anything other than they are—quite "mad" music-makers who perpetrate any amount of nonsense, and do it with a rhythmic energy and a cheery air which amount almost to genius. I imagine that for keen dancers Cab Calloway's band spells Elysium. I had merely to listen to them, and although I probably would not care to listen to them for long, in reasonable doses their performance is uncommonly exhilarating.

ARNOLD BAX has written a new 'cello concerto (which is not in the least like the music of Cab Calloway). It is a fine work, which starts in a rather disappointing way, but soon improves. The Bax characteristics are not quite so prominent as usual, save in the lovely slow movement, a Nocturne, which is one of the best things he has written.

The concerto was played by Señor Cassado, the Spanish 'cellist, a front-rank player who can take his place beside Casals and Suggia. The chief lament of 'cellists of the concerto standard is that there are so few concertos for them to play. Here is one which, if not quite on a level with the 'cello concertos of Elgar and Dvorak, is worthy of a permanent place in the repertory.

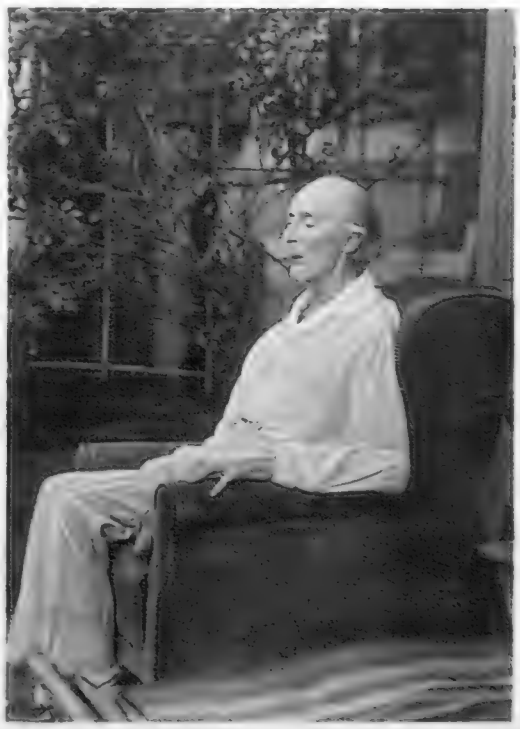
Mr. Bax brought off an uncommon "double" by having two of his new works for 'cello performed in public for the first time in the same week. For, a few nights later, Miss Thelma Reiss played his new 'cello sonata, with, at the piano, Miss Harriet Cohen, who has interpreted so many of this composer's works. It is on the slight side, but very interesting. Mr. Bax is as quiet and modest as his brother, Clifford Bax (who wrote *The Rose Without a Thorn*), but he is one of the most prolific of our serious composers, and has never written a bar that is either dull or in poor taste.

A Great English Composer at His Home in France

Frederick Delius and His Wife at Grez-sur-Loing

THE blind composer, who was born in Bradford seventy-two years ago, has lived in France since he was twenty-five, before which he had been an orange-planter for two years, and had worked, also for two years, at the Leipsic Conservatoire. He and his German wife, who was Jelka Rosen, the painter, live very quietly at Grez-sur-Loing, Delius spending most of his time listening to gramophone records, but when fellow-musicians and friends from England arrive via Paris, Delius becomes a most genial host and gives them a broad Yorkshire greeting. Elgar was one of his visitors last year. Delius, who is paralysed as well as blind, has as secretary and amanuensis Eric Fenby, a young Yorkshireman and himself a fine musician; all the composer's later works have been written down by him from Delius's description

Photographs by Philip T. F. Oyler



Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over

Right: Captain R. M. Fanshawe's Brown Brother (nearest the camera), winner of the Nomination (Open) Race, taking an open ditch in fine style at the Royal Welch Fusiliers Point-to-Point Meeting held at Steeple Ashton

After last week-end, with its Boat Race, its Calcutta Cup match, and its Cup semi-finals, the immediate outlook is one long anti-climax. Rugby footballers are beginning to think of putting the moth-balls in their pants, and even the "Soccer" players are turning lightly to thoughts of tennis and bathing. As a matter of fact, the Rugby boys still have one serious spot of bother ahead of them, and that is the Middlesex Seven-a-Side tournament at Twickenham on the first Saturday in April.

I shall leave my colleague, Howard Marshall, to discuss the technical aspects of the seven-a-side game, though I suspect that down in the South it is merely a matter of conserving energy and having a super-sprinter at full-back. Still, it is great fun to watch, and I hope a large crowd will turn up to enjoy themselves that afternoon at headquarters, and, incidentally, to swell the coffers of the Middlesex Hospital. This hope was echoed to me the other day in no uncertain fashion by W. W. Wakefield, whose energy in the practical affairs of life is as unbounded as it used to be on the football field.

Dr. Russell Cargill was also talking to me about the tournament, in which he still takes a great interest. Dr. Cargill was largely responsible for introducing the seven-a-side game to the south of England, and he tells me that since Middlesex took it up it has spread all over the country. Many towns now hold competitions in aid of local charities at the end of the season, and before long I imagine we shall be having a national tournament at Twickenham, with area champions fighting out the final rounds.

Talking of fighting reminds me that on Wednesday we have a grand slam at the Albert Hall, where the Amateur Boxing Championships take place. There do not seem to be any budding Harry Mizlers coming along this year, though I hear good accounts of one P. Palmer (his first name is not Pedlar, surely ?), a flyweight with a rare punch and considerable boxing ability.

I have an idea that the heavy-weight title will be won by H. P. Floyd, who was knocked out so unexpectedly last year by C. H. O'Grady, that very aggressive Irishman. Floyd is an experienced man, though; he won the title five seasons back, when he was only eighteen, and since then he has learnt a great deal and put on some necessary weight.

I see, by the way, that Tom Pardoe, the Birmingham boy who carried off the A.B.A. fly-weight championship five

Right: Sydney Howard, who denies the rumour that he will captain England against Australia in the forthcoming tests, indulges in a little practice at deck cricket. Further incidents in this exposition of the batsman's art, can be seen by visiting the Empire, Leicester Square, where the film, "Trouble," is being shown

"No Body-line, Please"

Dead

times, is forging ahead as a professional. By beating Bert Kirby last week he became champion of the southern area, and he is to have a feather-weight match with the ebullient Jackie Brown, who will test his speed and cunning to the utmost.

And what about Jack Petersen now? He will not be fighting again for some weeks, since that cut above his eye is proving troublesome. There 's nothing wrong with him, though, and the rest will do him good, for that tremendous scrap with the amazingly tough and courageous Ben Foord must have taken a lot out of him. He beat Foord right enough, but he should have beaten him more quickly, in my opinion. It is one thing to hit hard: it is another to hit scientifically and accurately.

By the time you read this, Jack Doyle will have had his first scrap since his reinstatement. He should beat Frank Borrington with the greatest ease, and if he produces the sort of punch that knocked out "Candy" Evans, the critics will be satisfied. That, you will remember, was a punch-and-a-half, a most impressive wallop, and it made me think that Doyle had in him the real stuff of which world-beaters are made. I hope very much that we shall be able to say that he has not gone back during his six months' enforced idleness.

I was chatting the other day to a man who has seen every big heavy-weight fight in England, Europe, and America for the last forty years, and he maintained that Jack Dempsey was by far the most destructive puncher he had ever come across. "Jack ripped those punches home with such venom," he said. "He was a killer in the ring, a purely instinctive fighter, who thought of nothing but smashing the man in front of him." Certainly Dempsey felt nothing. I remember talking to Gus Wilson after Dempsey's fight with Carpentier. Wilson was Carpentier's trainer, and he told me how they had practised the right hook to the jaw which was to put Dempsey out. Carpentier practised it for days, certain that the opening would come. Sure enough, the opening came in the fourth round—Carpentier whipped in that hook flush to the jaw, a beautiful punch, with all his weight behind it—Dempsey just shook his head and waded in with both hands, like an infuriated bull.

I asked Wilson what his sensations were when that punch failed so completely. "I went ice-cold," he answered, "and my stomach turned right over." And after the fight Dempsey didn't even know that he had been hit! I'm afraid Jack Doyle is n't a Dempsey!

"Rugger" at Richmond

A. E. Thomas, although tackled, hurls himself over the line to score for Cardiff in the match at the Old Deer Park, when Richmond were beaten by 8 points to 3 where the marking was much better than the handling

Left: J. E. Lovelock (16) and A. B. Leach (17), both of Oxford, dead-heating in the mile, run in 4 min. 23¾ sec., at the Inter-University Sports, when Oxford beat Cambridge at the White City Stadium by seven events to four

Heat

Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville

Ladies' London Foursomes at Stoke Poges

Left: Miss A. M. Hyde and Miss B. Dix-Perkin (Sandy Lodge). Right: Mrs. Hugh Wood and Miss J. Forsyth (Porters Park), who competed in the above event which attracted a fine entry

Left: Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville, Writer to the Signet, reading letters and a telegram from the R. and A., sending him good wishes and many happy returns on his eightieth birthday. Mr. Balfour Melville is Scotland's greatest all-round sportsman, and has represented his country at "Rugger," cricket, and golf. He was the British Amateur Champion in 1895; represented Scotland at cricket from 1870 to 1910, and, in times past, was a winner of the Scottish Lawn Tennis Championship

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

Cheltenham Ends Well

JUST when I was beginning to wonder for the ten-thousandth time in my career "whether it was really worth while," up came Jack Grange, and everything in the garden was lovely. Three whole days and only one winner, and that at 6-5, was a trifle expensive, to say the least of it, and I determined that that letter, marked "Private," from Old Burlington Street, must on no account fall into other hands than mine.

"WHEN half-witted and already penniless Worm has lost shirt off his back, and corresponding garment belonging to wife, he may realise that bookmakers know more than he does. Perhaps blonde, titled ladies whom Worm is so anxious to impress would like to buy Worm new shirt; if so, wife might also find titled gentleman ready to replace garments squandered by unscrupulous Worm."

AT a very good party at an early hour on the Thursday morning, Max Barthropp, in bell-like tones, proclaimed that Jack Grange *would* win. Max was on the crest of the wave at the time. We were playing "Chemmy," and he 'd just bancoed my four bob, with disastrous results to me. A loud report denoted that another magnum was on the way, and as he 'd come in a friend's car, there was no fear of his losing the way home.

UNDER these circumstances, such optimism must, on occasions, be taken with a grain of salt, but not when it emanates from the Master of Tern Hill, and is corroborated by Sir Alfred McAlpine himself. Accordingly, I went to bed singing, unable to bottle up my joy that on the morrow I should be solvent once more.

IT had been a joyous evening, the spectacle of grown-up people playing the games of far-away childhood is one that never fails to move one; while Lord Blandford, in a series of quick-change disguises, displayed dramatic prowess of which I had never suspected him.

WIN, lose, tie, or wrangle, the Thursday is always far and away the nicest day at Cheltenham, for the simple reason that the poodle-fakers give it a miss and only the people who like racing turn up.

MUCH as I love racing, I must admit that, on occasions, I get fed up with the bad food and appalling discomfort of some of our courses, and by contrast Cheltenham is a perfect paradise. In the first place, there are very few courses where you can see better; secondly, the food (in the Grill, at any rate; I didn't try the other) is first rate; while I was fortunate enough to find several friends with boxes, where hospitality was lavish in the extreme.

IN the Grill I see Lord Stavordale and Mr. Laycock laying the foundations to a good day. After roughing it on a couple of chops and a bottle of the '23, the bookmakers never look anything like so formidable.

IN a box I see Mrs. Philip Dunne and the Mem comparing Worms, and with them is Mrs. Drogo Montagu, who, even though she doesn't think much of racing, should come more often, as she is a great asset.

To return to the racing. After a series of further disasters I approach the rails, where Tommy Grover's generosity descends on me like a benediction, and I take the "tens" offered. Jack Grange wins, and there is a scene of great jubilation outside the weighing-room.

MAX and "Marge" and Sir Alfred McAlpine are overwhelmed with congratulations, and Sir Alfred tells us he had put a couple on the ice, "just in case."

BALLYBRACK then wins the Foxhunters' for the Tweedie family, like all hot favourites should do, and as Thomond was given a walk-over for the Coventry Cup, the Cheltenham Meeting of 1934 was over.

A BROAD back, born of a clear conscience, is a rare asset in the face of wrath, and although I was a little sad when a trainer accused me of being a bad journalist, I refrained from the obvious answer, remembering that I was told at my Private School that tu quoque was the sign of a fool. I find the accusation that I am unpopular far easier to bear. If my outraged trainer will point me out a popular journalist, I will point him out a bad one.

BEFORE these lines appear in print a new flat-racing season will have begun, and I wish everyone concerned, whether you like me or not, the very best of luck. If in the past I have written anything which has annoyed you, I am very sorry.

THAT is not to say that I withdraw anything that I have previously written in these columns, but I do ask you to believe that it has been written in the spirit of fun, with no mischief-making intent or malice in my heart.

I MUST now take a relation to task for his condemnation of the Members' Enclosures, which he refers to as the curse of racing. Has not his association with the meek and lowly taught him that the meeker and lowlier you are the bigger snob you are?

DOES he really believe that any social barriers surround the Members' Enclosures? Has he ever heard of anyone in the last fifty years being black-balled for a racecourse?

A SOCIAL club in London is no longer the open sesame to our race-club enclosures. All that is required is the amount of the subscription.

WOULD my relation be so unkind as to spoil Ikey's and Mo's little fun when they return home at night and are able to talk rather big about the club they belong to? Even if he would, I am sure the racecourse companies are far too good business men not to go on commercialising our harmless little snobbery.

QUARTZ will win the Lincoln; Versicle will be second. Ready Cash, Southern Hero and Really True will be 1-2-3 in the National

Fashion Notes from the National Hunt Meeting

Lady Cottenham wore a dark tailored suit, and a double fox fur. Miss Kelly sported the still popular checks, plus a velvet collar, and a swathed hat. Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper's light tweed suit and dark hat, scarf, and gloves were neat. Mrs. John Player also wore a light tweed coat and skirt and a fur coat over it

BAXTER

Supreme

◎

CONCERNING SCOTCH WHISKY

In almost every country in the world for years and years – in fact, from "Generation to Generation" – the word DEWAR'S has always meant the very best in whisky . . . skilled distillation, age and perfect blending are responsible for its wonderful quality . . . This quality, this "goodness," mellowness, call it what you will, is the secret of its fame – a fame that is without doubt SUPREME.

DEWAR'S

The Famous

"White Label"

JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD • SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS • PERTH, SCOTLAND

• THEIR GIRLS for London —

Here are Carolin Buchman and her American Ambassadeurs Dancers, plus Leona Ross; they can show as pretty a leg and step as stirring a rumba as any batch of beauties that's come over the Atlantic. They've come from New York to Ciro's, where they're having a success that's not surprising. Answering to their names from left to right, they say: Leona Ross, Barry Linscott, Lucille Conrad, Virginia Kyle, Carolin Buchman, Frances Smith, Mary Kendel

— OUR BOYS for New York . . . Why not?

A Breath-Taking Success for Broadway

And here's the coronetted cabaret with which England might counter the American invasion of girls. Pat Charles has picked a strong team: how Broadway would bubble for their opening night! In the front row are Viscount Castlerosse, the Earl of Brecknock, the Marquess of Donegall, Lord Hindlip, and the Marquess of Milford Haven; in the back row, the Marquess of Blandford, the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Normanton, and the Earl of Portarlington

BLUE STAR CRUISES

ON THE QUEEN OF CRUISING LINERS

ARANDORA STAR

Whenever you take your Holiday, there's a BLUE STAR CRUISE to suit you

For all ages and all tastes, there is no holiday to equal a Sunshine Cruise on the "Arandora Star". Health, Happiness, new Friends, new Scenes and a new joy in life comes to all on board. Dancing, Sports and Bathing for those who want it. Peace and quiet for those needing rest. Sunshine and pleasure for all. Perfect Cuisine and Service. Every Stateroom a spacious Cabin-de-Luxe. Delightful Public Rooms and Ballroom. Silent, sheltered Sun-Decks away from the Sports-Decks, Swimming Pool and Sun-Bathing Lido.

APRIL 13 20 DAYS FROM 37 GUINEAS
To Casablanca, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Tripoli, Naples, Malaga, Corunna.

MAY 5 18 DAYS FROM 32 GUINEAS
To Corunna, Barcelona, Villefranche, Civita Vecchia (for Rome), Naples, Algiers.

MAY 26 17 DAYS FROM 30 GUINEAS
To Tangier, Naples, Civita Vecchia (for Rome), Villefranche, Barcelona, Ceuta (for Tetuan).

JUNE 15 14 DAYS FROM 25 GUINEAS
To Lisbon, Casablanca, Barcelona, Palma, Gibraltar.

JUNE 30 13 DAYS FROM 20 GUINEAS
To Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Zoppot (for Dantzig), Holtenau, Brunsbuttel, Hamburg.

JULY 14 20 DAYS FROM 30 GUINEAS
To Iceland, The Land of the Midnight Sun, Spitzbergen, North Cape and the Norwegian Fjords.

AUGUST 4 13 DAYS FROM 20 GUINEAS
To Bergen, Oslo, Copenhagen, and the Norwegian Fjords.

AUGUST 18 19 DAYS FROM 30 GUINEAS.
To Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Dantzig, Germany and Holland.

OTHER CRUISES SAIL on September 8, September 29 and December 22

24 Page Cruise Programme sent free on application to

BLUE STAR LINE

Passenger Office: 3 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1
Head Office: 40 St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.3
Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Bradford
Paris and all Principal Agents

CCS—425

NIGHTLY AT MIDNIGHT

at

The Dorchester

PARK LANE, W.1 MAYFAIR 8888

Presented on behalf of
SIR FRANCIS TOWLE and the DORCHESTER HOTEL CO.
By CLIFFORD WHITLEY
PRODUCED AND CREATED
By FELIX FERRY

"THE NEW YORK MIDNIGHT FOLLIES"

"LES GIRLS" OF 1934

INCLUDING

MITZI MAYFAIR

THE YOUNGEST & MOST FAMOUS
DANCING STAR IN AMERICA

NICK LONG, JNR.
DIAMOND BROTHERS

RESERVE YOUR TABLES NOW

THERE WILL BE NO PERFORMANCE OF "THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES" DURING HOLY WEEK, MARCH 26th—31st.

THE SHOW WILL BE RESUMED AT DINNER AND SUPPER EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 2nd

LONDON

Dinner, Dance

Compiled for "Bystander"

Dancing at Ciro's

One of the most popular clubs in London for eating and dancing is Ciro's, where the quartette above are gyrating round the floor—Lord Dufferin and Ava with Lady Dufferin and Ava, and Lady Milbanke with the Hon. Seymour Berry

Grosvenor House

ADMITTEDLY my visit to the Grosvenor Gaieties last week was the first I have ever paid. But it won't be my last. True, the Gaieties are more brunette than the lovelies at the Dorchester. But that does not detract from their looks. And there is this advantage, that the dinner-time show is quite different from the supper-time affair. Lotus Soshan is uncommonly attractive in her Eastern dance, and Rosarito (I think it is) rattles no mean castanet, particularly with her left hand.

Both the dinner and supper show are presented by Carl Hyson, who has found a pleasant young juvenile lead in Frank Preston. As to "eats," they give you a very good oyster cocktail. My panillac was exceptionally tender, and the salmon was as fresh as could be.

The décor of the restaurant, according to Pastori, can best be described as "a macédoine de fruits." The truth of the matter is that Sir Charles Allom, who did the original decorations, never expected that cabaret would be performed there. By the way, there are two excellent orchestras, Moschetto's and Sydney Lipton's.

The Chatham Grill

THE Chatham Grill has decided, from Easter onwards, to give up its band and the dancing. In fact, it proposes to rely solely on its food, with the result that the cost of your theatre dinner, for example, is reduced noticeably. The reason for the change is that the management has decided that it is impossible to combine good food and good eating with a band and dancing, as the money spent on the band must be made up somewhere else. A light luncheon for busy shoppers is now being served. This will prove a special boon to women. Downstairs, there is a bar, which is not as well known as it should be, where you can get snacks,

NIGHTS and Cabaret

Readers by Charles Graves

and anything to drink that your fancy dictates. The manager here is Tibon Mostosi.

Odone's

By contrast, Odone's, which has made a speciality of good food for the last fifty years, has decided that the gourmets of to-day demand entertaining as well. As a result, they are giving a cabaret, which I, frankly, have not seen, but which I hear good reports. It starts every week. Among Odone's clients in the past have been Dan Leno, Phil May, Marie Lloyd, and, more recently, Winston Churchill, Sir Archibald Bodkin, ex-King George of Greece, Gracie Fields, and Gigli.

Cazzani caught by Molly Bishop at Ciro's

The Dorchester

If you want to see Mitzi Mayfair at the Dorchester, you will have to hurry up. She is going back to New York very soon, to appear in George White's Scandals, though the new show actually does not come on until April 30th. It is imported direct from the Paradise Club, in New York, and will be rehearsed on board ship all the way over. Clifford Whitley will be there to see that all is ship-shape. The present show is actually a bigger financial success than the original, and it is amusing to see how these New York beauties, who arrived with wide-open eyes under their little bollen caps, have become distinctly sophisticated, like their predecessors. In Walter Winchell's column the other day there was a poignant reference to Evelyn Crowell, who apparently has "gone English" with a vengeance. In the new show there will be Miss America, 1933, who ought

Miss Norah Swinburne and Lord Inverclyde at Ciro's

CAFE de PARIS GERRARD 2462.

SOCIETY'S RENDEZVOUS

★

COLOMBO'S DINNER ORCHESTRA

★

DANCING TO

ROY FOX

AND HIS BAND OF RADIO FAME

★

At Midnight:— America's most amusing Comedy Act

BEN BLUE!

"THE ALL-AMERICAN HALF-WIT" AND HIS NIT-WITS ON PARADE

CAFE ANGLAIS WHITEHALL 7941.

LONDON'S BOHEMIAN RESTAURANT

★

JAVA'S TZIGANE ORCHESTRA, 7.30—9.30

★

DANCING TO

HOWARD JACOBS AND HIS BAND

★

Direction:— M. Poulsen & F. Stocco

At TEN and MIDNIGHT

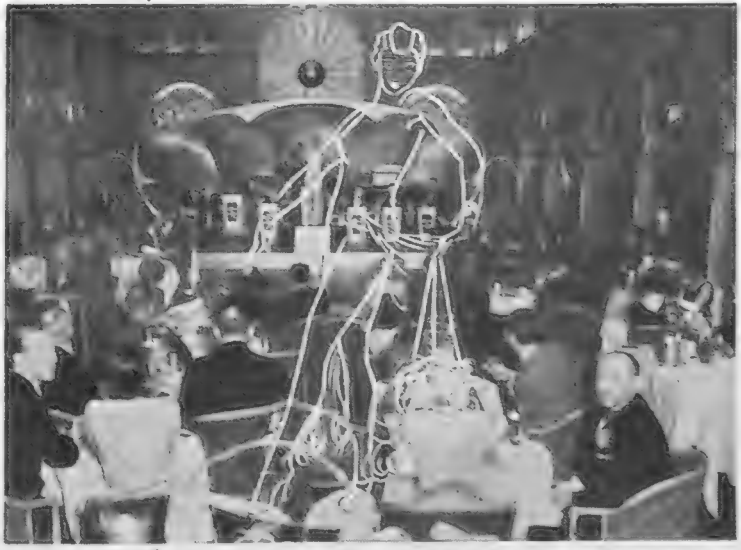
CAROLYN BUCHMAN AND HER GIRLS

ROMANO'S

RESTAURANT, 400, STRAND, W.C.2. TEM. 2911

The one place in London you must not fail to visit.

Banqueting Rooms for Receptions Parties Private Dinners, etc.



VISIT ROMANO'S

ROMANO'S CABARET (at 10 & 12)

Always the *first in London* acts. Fresh, new, gay and sensational. Lou Preager's Dance Band. The charm of Romano's is worth investigating. **TEM. 2911**

Burning the Night's Candles on Bond Street: Supper Time at the Embassy Club

Eleven o'clock—the diners are drinking their coffee—the early arrivals from the theatres begin to drift in—the crowd grows and grows. Lord and Lady Brownlow come in together (l.); Mr. H. G. Wells, Mrs. Sydney Emmanuel, Mrs. Barbara Back, and Mme. de Peña sit near together; Princess Aspasia of Greece stands up to dance; in front are Lady Diana Abdy, Mrs. Ken Holway, and Mr. More O'Ferrall

immediately outside, and can actually watch its continued presence from your table. If you want to give a private party, you can do far worse than to take the room on the first floor, which is decorated in an odd Victorian manner by the Marchese Malacrida, inspired by Mrs. Beaton (I mean the cookery expert, and not the mother of the photographer). By the way, there is no music at the Marguerite.

The Embassy

AMBROSE is once again doing business at the old stand at the Embassy, having returned from America as suddenly as he went. He finds that New York is fifty years away from us, although it is only five days by boat. But his favourite tune is still—

> It may be only a paper moon
> Sailing across a canvas sea,
> But it wouldn't be make-believe
> If you 'd believe in me.

At last, after Easter, they are going to have a special early theatre dinner at the Embassy—nothing but dozens of the most admirable hors d'œuvres and a simple plat du jour. So far, they have not thought up a suitable name for it, as "Snack Dinner" sounds too unappetising. I suggested "High Tea," with a silver tea-pot as a symbol. Another suggestion is "Cocktail Dinner."

By the way, I should like to emphasise the fact that the Embassy is a club, only available for members, and that application must be made and go before the Committee in the ordinary way before entrance can be obtained.

Ciro's

THEY have got their late chef back at Ciro's, and also Ferraro, who has just returned after a successful

Roy Fox

Roy Fox, as seen by our artist, Rouson, while leading the band at the Café de Paris

to be a real lovely, and a number of other talented show-girls. As with many other cabarets, the Dorchester show will close in Holy Week.

The Marguerite

HERE is a new rendezvous—the Marguerite Restaurant, at the corner of Soho Square. It has just been taken over by Amori, who used to be at the Savoy and the Ritz. It makes a great speciality of food, as can be demonstrated by the presence the other night of André Simon, who is probably the most famous gourmet in London. If you dine there, do not order Turbot à la feuillantine, as it takes three hours to prepare. Unless, that is, you have got time on your hands. One of the advantages of this restaurant is that you are allowed to park your motor-car

Jean Loustalot, the chef at the Chatham Grill, standing before the Silver Grill and Spit for which this restaurant is so famous

operation. If you ask him what the food was like in his nursing home, he says that it was exceedingly good, though I confess he will hesitate if you ask him whether it was better than Ciro's. It is good news, by-the-by, that Mrs. Peter Thursby is now recovering rapidly after her operation for appendicitis. For the past fortnight the Carolyn Buchman Ambassadeurs Girls have been supplying the cabaret. This week John Hendrik, the German tenor, is making a come-back, assisted by Leon Roger, who can whistle like anything —from a banjo to a saxophone. There will be a special gala on Grand National night, and at which time the Grand National will be broadcast in the restaurant (despite all the rules appertaining to loud-speakers). On April 9th, for a fortnight at least, Cliff Edwards (Ukelele Ike) will be here, and is certain to prove a great attraction.

Stocco, the leading light—though always in the background—of the Café Anglais

The Café Anglais

THE Ambassadeurs Girls are to be seen this week at the Café Anglais. They are pretty and full of verve. Castanets are their speciality. The Café Anglais looks much

Famous Restaurateurs

No. 6. Lombart

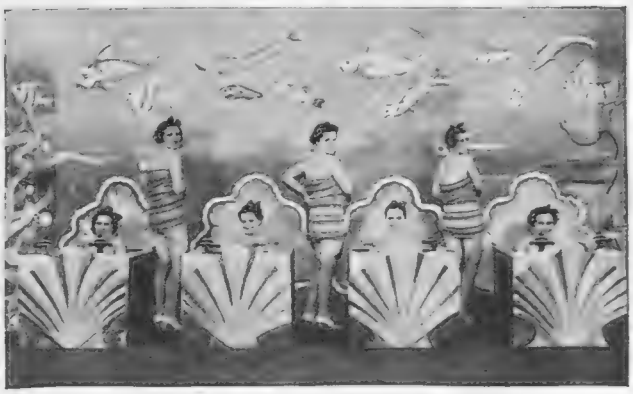
Lombart, of Romano's

LOMBART, of Romano's, was born at Nice, but, having been born there, he did not, like the average Scotsman, leave his home town as soon as he could walk, as for many years he was employed at Nice restaurants, while, after gaining experience at Monte Carlo, he came to London. Here, for twelve years, Lombart was assistant manager at the old Café Royal, that haunt of intellectual Bohemians.

For the last two years he has been at Romano's, and many of his old clients have, in consequence, migrated from Regent Street to the Strand. Lombart believes that people to-day are not as interested as they should be in food and the best way to cook it. An epicure himself, he does his best to educate the uninitiated, and is always delighted to impart his knowledge to those who desire to dine well—simply, or with elaboration.

In his spare time Lombart is very fond of flying, and looks forward to taking a pilot's certificate and possessing his own 'plane.

"The cheeriest Dinner and Supper-time Show in London"



CARL HYSON presents the

GROSVENOR GAIETIES

—his bright and amusing Cabaret

Every evening at Dinner and Supper.

Grosvenor Gaieties are firmly established in London's favour. They always give the cheeriest dinner- and supper-time show in Town: scenery, dresses and numbers change, but grace and rhythm, colour and beauty are ever present.

Sunday Cabaret 10 p.m. Extension of License on Thursdays.

Dinner, Dancing, Cabaret 15/6. Supper, Dancing, Cabaret 12/6,

They say it is London's best hotel . . .

Seasoned travellers from far and wide come to Grosvenor House again and again because here they enjoy every amenity that a great modern hotel can provide—and at rates that are reasonable. Convenience and charm—the situation of Grosvenor House has both. Although so central, the surroundings are free from congestion, and Hyde Park, just across the way, provides a very pleasant prospect.

EXCELLENCE IS NOT EXTRAVAGANCE AT THIS HOTEL

Single bedrooms from 21/-. Double bedrooms from 31/6. Every bedroom has private bathroom with shower, and running iced drinking water.

GROSVENOR HOUSE

PARK LANE

Telephone: Grosvenor 6363. Telegrams: Grovhows, Audley, London.

CIRO'S CLUB

ORANGE STREET, W.C.2 Tel.: Whitehall 5264 (3 lines).

CABARET

Week commencing March 19th
JOHN HENDRIK

Week commencing March 26th
LEON ROGEE

Week commencing April 2nd
THE PIERROTYS

Week commencing April 9th
for Two Weeks
UKELELE IKE
(CLIFF EDWARDS)

café de la paix
and windsor grill
99 regent street. regent 2939 & 1393
lunch, dinner, supper
dancing with louis simmonds', late embassy club, band from 9 o'clock
cabaret
special nights—wednesdays and fridays
le dernier cri de mayfair

CHATHAM GRILL
Jermyn Street.
"THERE IS NO BETTER FOOD IN LONDON."
SPECIALITIES:—
DISHES FROM THE SPIT AND GRILL.
LUNCH. THEATRE DINNERS. SNACKS.
EXTENSION—Tuesday. 'Phone: Regent 2371

The Yacht Club Boys, the latest importation from America, who are making their hunting song go straight to the hearts of all the "set" who hear them at Monseigneur

Ben Blue, the all-American half-wit who appears nightly at the Café de Paris with his "Nit-Wits on Parade"

larger than it used to. It is also much less smoky. In the lounge, which is twice its former size, Peter, the cocktail-shaker, who won immortality in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, shakes the white Bacardi with his usual skill. You do not have to dress. Howard Jacobs, who used to be at the Savoy, provides an orchestra to which it is pleasant both to dance and listen. Borgo, the restaurant manager with the patient smile, is still in charge, and for those who like to see leading ladies and leading actors in the flesh, there is always the chance of sitting next to Sir Gerald Du Maurier, Cicely Courtneidge, Winifred Shotter, and the other members of the Stage Golfing Society, who have their club premises upstairs and come down for luncheon.

The Café de Paris

ACROSS the way, at the Café de Paris, is our old friend Ben Blue. His peculiar clothes and sense of humour always go with a swing. Roy Fox supplies the music, and supplies it

David Frost, who supplies the dance music at Odone's latest venture into dance and cabaret

Victor, the head bar-tender at Grosvenor House, proud parent of the "White Lady," who has a team of fourteen shakers on his staff

y well. Jack Harris set a hion for good orchestras at Café de Paris, and it is ng maintained. Poulsen ows how to sell champagne. has the most beautiful lets on the tables—of a st deceptive size. Two of m full and bang goes your :1 Veuve Clicquot. The er night Prince Axel of nmark was at the table on side of me. Opposite was son Keys. That is the kind clientèle to have. Auto- tically, it provides its own ateur cabaret for those who

Amori, late of the Savoy and Ritz, who controls the destinies of the Marguerite, at the corner of Soho Square, where food is a great speciality

Zappelloni ("Zapp"), who is now at the Café de la Paix, where the "eats" and cabaret are of the best

are too sleepy to wait until midnight for the professional one.

The Café de la Paix

THIS restaurant is fast becoming "one of the places to go to" in London. Wednesday and Friday nights, when the hostesses are on duty, are particularly crowded, and unless you want to be disappointed, you should

Monseigneur

PICCADILLY REGENT 6957

THE YACHT CLUB BOYS

ADLER · KELLY · KERN · MANN

America's greatest cabaret turn NOW entertaining every evening

Dancing to JACK HARRIS and HIS BAND

Extension every Thursday till 2 a.m.

Marguerite

Gerrard 7343 and 6171. 27, Soho Square, W.1.

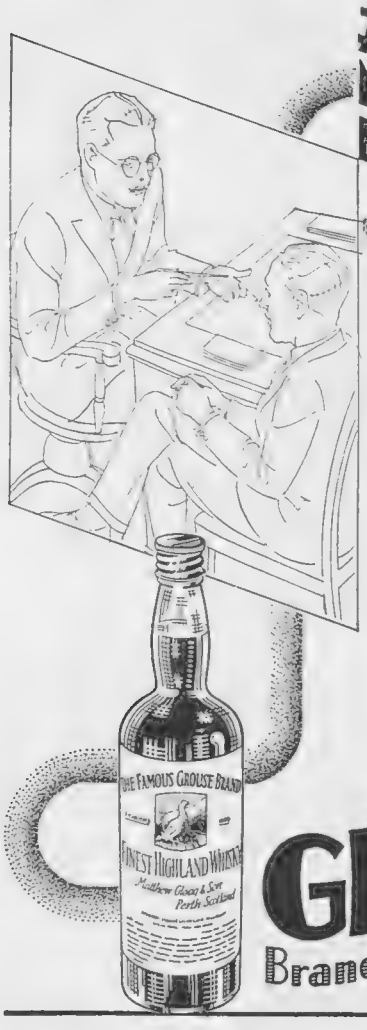
A Distinguished "Rendezvous des Gourmets"

In the Heart of Theatreland.

LUNCH, DINNER & SUPPER.

London's Finest Cuisine at moderate prices.

CAR PARK. B. Amori (Manager).



"A LITTLE WHISKY NOW AND THEN BUT . . .

be sure it is the best," says the doctor.

Many doctors recommend, and for their own use choose, "Grouse" Brand Whisky because they can depend on its unvarying high standard of quality.

Ask for it from your wine merchant, but if difficult to obtain send 25/- to Matthew Gloag & Son, Perth, for 2 bottles for trial, post free.

Obtainable abroad from:—

GIBRALTAR - M. Baglietto.
S. RHODESIA - The "GROUSE" Agency, Box 678, Salisbury.
KENYA - Jardin, Phipson & Co., Ltd., Nairobi & Mombasa.
JAMAICA - H. M. Kalphat, Kingston.
BERMUDA - J. E. Lightbourn & Co., Hamilton.
Etc. Etc.

GROUSE WHISKY Brand

Matthew Gloag & Son, Perth

odone's 'Phone: VIC 0407

RESTAURANT
VICTORIA Street

CABARET AND DANCING

March 19th
OTTO and HUGO
etc.
March 26th
LEONARD HENRY
etc.

NIGHTLY
DINNER 6/6
SUPPER 7/6
or à la carte

DAVID FROST and HIS BOYS

Cabaret at 9.30 & Midnight

reserve your table beforehand. There is always a good cabaret on tap here. Zappelloni, who used to be manager of the Piccadilly Grill, is in charge and will look after your creature, and other, comforts. This place is well worth a visit, for food, wines, and entertainment are all excellent.

Juanita and Ricardo

Spanish acrobatic dancers, who have just arrived from Cannes, made their first appearance in London at Romano's Restaurant

Romano's

I CONCLUDE with Romano's, the upstairs section of which is a club, with two thousand members. The new secretary is none other than our Mr. David Guthrie, a well-known stalwart of the Bachelor's Club. The hanging pots of green ferns and yellow daffodils add a pleasurable tone for all those who look upwards. Down in the restaurant proper, Salaam, the white-uniformed coloured man who serves coffee, is as popular as ever. The manager is Lombart, who used to be at the Café Royal. Romano's continues to be the most exotic-looking restaurant in London, even though the guests are not compelled to wear evening dress. Its snug, discreet divans on the side are always occupied. Lou Preager has an orchestra, and it is very handy for all theatre-goers debouching from the Savoy Theatre, the Vaudeville, the Adelphi and the Aldwych, not to mention the Gaiety.

Dance Bands of the Day

Syd Lipton of Grosvenor House

SYD LIPTON is the youngest band leader in London, but his youth has not prevented him from being engaged by the B.B.C. to waft his music over the air. He is not only a leader, but a player himself on almost any instrument, though, if pressed, will admit that the violin is his speciality.

The style of playing of Lipton's band is the nearest approach to the modern American method which has discarded, for the nonce, the "hot music" which was previously all the rage. Instead of blare he specialises in melody, and finds his method becoming more and more to the taste of the English, just as it has already captured the American public.

Lipton has played in an orchestra ever since he left school, and when not leading his band and playing, indulges in a hobby—roof-gardening.

Syd Lipton

A Portfolio of FASHION compiled weekly for the Bystander by Madge Garland

NAVY wool dress with red belt, white collar and bow stitched in red. Shoulder epaulettes, group of pleats in front of skirt. Hat of stitched navy taffeta. Corot

NATURAL colour wool dress and coat with brown and white silk scarf on three-quarter length coat. Interesting round shoulder yoke, brown leather belt. Corot

Above

DIAGONALLY striped brown and white wool suit with basque flared in front. Wide revers, dark brown scarf and belt. Woollands

GREEN tweed suit with wooden log-shaped buttons and fringed pockets. Green wool jumper also edged fringe. Obtainable in other colours. Woollands

Four Suggestions for Your Spring Ensemble

Bond Street

A WEEK of clear spring sunshine, masses of multi-colour tulips at the flower corners, smuts on one's nose and rakish sailor hats. (Harrods have got a selection of the most enchanting wide-brimmed shiny straw hats tied with coloured cords for 18s. 9d. Scotts are selling square-crowned ones reminiscent of the Press Gang—all one needs to complete the picture is a pig-tail—but very smart and exactly what is wanted with tailor-mades. Rough straw ones with a rolled brim and interchangeable coloured ribbons are 42s.)

Innumerable dress shows: who in the world buys all the dresses in the world? Does every woman except me buy ten new outfits every season and if so when does she wear the immensely elaborate evening gowns, all ruffles, trains and bustles? (Marshalls have got a lovely black crêpe-de-Chine patterned in brilliant flowers, the colours of a Chinese vase, with which is worn a tiny frilled cape of pale yellow tulle, not too expensive and easy to wear although very habillé.) Three-quarter length coats already flutter in the spring wind and several people must be lying coughing hoarsely from a too-premature exhibition of a new ensemble which includes a loose coat with no fastenings in front. (Fortnum and Mason have a winner, a black wool dress with a square neck buttoned all down the front and neatly belted, over which is worn a pale blue three-quarter length cloth coat. Yellow would look good too.)

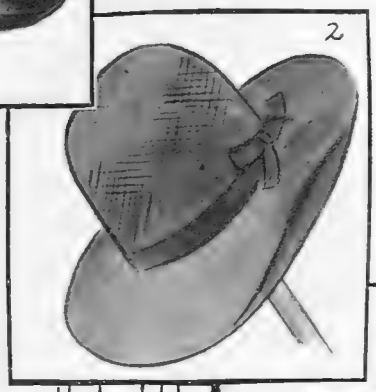
THE new Curzon cinema with its specially sprung seats and enough room for even a long-legged man to stretch out in comfort has greatly enlivened

THIS cocktail dress is a really sensible one. It is made of black façonné crêpe and the coat back is attached to the dress and hangs from the shoulders. The belt is of the same material but twisted, and the bow can be white or coloured. This is a Mainbocher model and can be obtained from Harvey Nichols

and Thereabouts

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

by Madge Garland



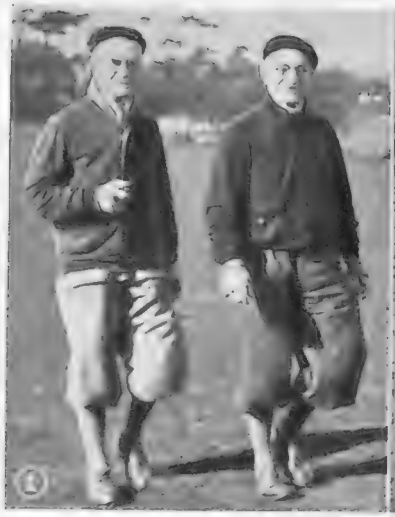
my week; but I deplore the growing tendency to undress for the cinema, although I agree it 's more sensible than changing for the theatre, so many of which are uncomfortable and draughty, whereas our new cinemas are at least properly heated. (Why not acquire the cinema suit shown on the opposite page? It is so easy to slip on, is complete in itself, can be worn with a fox, two please, if it 's cold and is extremely smart. W. W. Reville Ferry also have a perfect outfit for these occasions, in ankle length skirt and short coat of black velvet and a cream satin blouse, high necked and held by a jewel, but with short sleeves and a cream gardenia on the scarf collar of the coat which ties tightly round the waist. A fool-proof and most comfortable costume.) Another grumble is the wearing of wide brimmed hats perched, so it seems, exactly at the angle best calculated to obscure my vision. (Small close fitting hats of tulle or crinoline straw are obviously indicated. Victor Stiebel has charming ones, veiled and becoming and some garlanded with flowers. If you must wear a large hat by all means get Scott's new straw with its huge upturned brim and square crown or the cone-shaped straw from Harrods with a feather crown but I beg of you do *not* wear them to the cinema.) M. G.

1. A CREASED crown and a rolled brim distinguish this light weight felt hat from Woodrow. In all colours, 29/6

2. SOFT weather proof felt makes this hat with a widely rolling brim from Woodrow. In many shades, 29/6

3. A SQUARE bottomed bag is made of brown fur fleece and is extremely capacious and smart. Jaeger, price 39/6

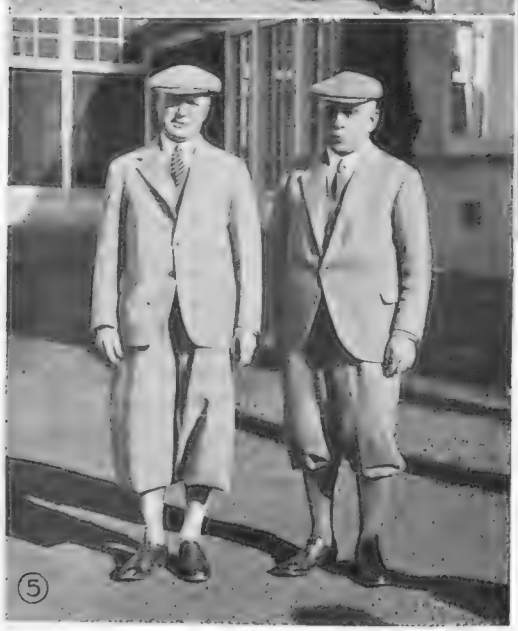
4. AN excellent cross fox may be obtained from the West Central Fur Store for as little as 3½ guineas



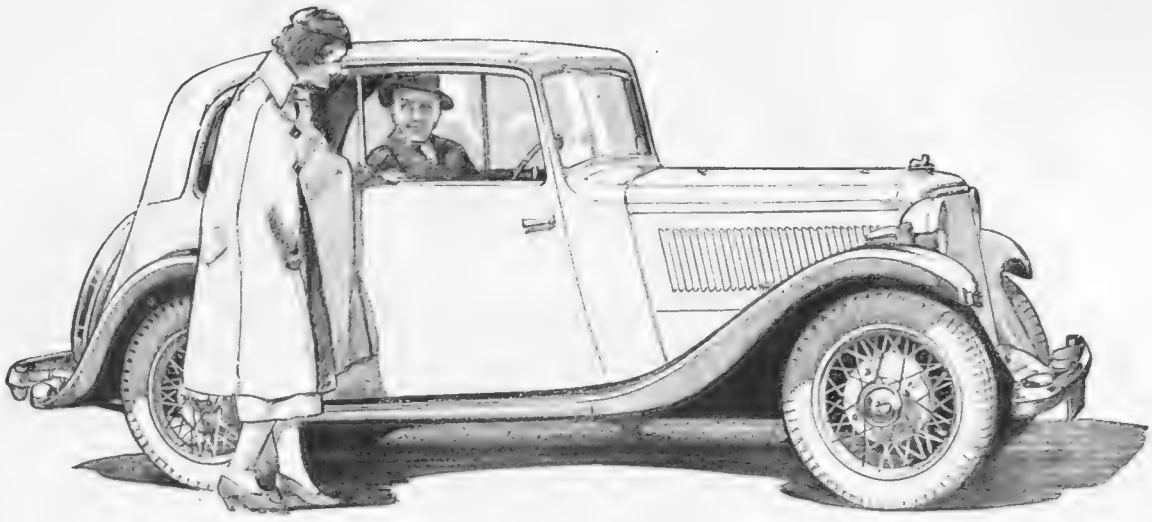
Golf Clubs at Home: A Medal Day at Moortown, Leeds

(1) W. B. Cartwright and Ernest Pullen. (2) J. C. Baines and A. H. Whalley. (3) J. S. Hutchinson, H. Hellewell, D. Taylor and J. Fletcher

(8) F. Wood and A. H. Gray. (9) R. S. Sandbach and W. S. Wright. (10) R. E. Ballantine, E. R. Brown, S. Ellison and R. Cartwright



(4) F. C. Cooke and W. W. Varney. (5) H. A. Harrop (Secretary) and T. F. Braime (Captain and Chairman of the Committee). (6) J. Arthur Sykes and Arthur Green (ex-Captains). (7) George Potter and F. Jackson



The very car for Shopping, Sport and Inexpensive Motoring

THE Twelve Sports Coupé, a light six with the famous Armstrong Siddeley four speed self-changing gear, now takes the road. Though low and streamline the body is of ample size. And what a view those special windows give, almost as free as from an open car. Its wide doors make getting in and out direct and easy and the generous accommodation for sporting kit and parcels is a very useful feature.

Easy to drive, handy in traffic, alert and economical, the Sports Coupé is the very car for quick and inexpensive motoring.

Sports Coupé £285 Coachbuilt Family Saloon £300

Please write for illustrated catalogue "T.B. 438"

ARMSTRONG
SIDDELEY

10, Old Bond Street
London, W.1

COVENTRY

35, King Street West
Manchester

Agents in all centres

BP438A

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

A Man of Action and Some Ladies of Letters

By A. G. Macdonell

LARGE and important works about Latin-America seem to be fashionable. The latest is *The Crimson Jester*, by H. H. Dunn (Harrap; 8*s.* 6*d.*). The Jester in this book is Emiliano Zapata, an Indian peasant of South Mexico, who attempted, between the years 1910 to 1918 to capture the government of Mexico, to exterminate the half-castes and the Spaniards, and to set up an all-Indian régime. He came extraordinarily near to success, for his personality was so great that for the first time in four hundred years the Indians made themselves into a disciplined army. At the height of his power Zapata commanded 20,000 well-armed horsemen, who moved with incredible mobility in their lightning raids, and at one time he was in possession of Mexico City and two-thirds of the territory of the country. Like almost all the heroes of Latin-American rebellions, Zapata, throughout his career, displayed the most appalling ferocity, and he left behind him, wherever he went, a devastated and ruined countryside. His ideal of liberty for the Indian may have been a noble one, but there is not the slightest doubt that Zapata was a treacherous and bloodthirsty ruffian, and it was only fitting that he should come to a treacherous and bloody death.

MR. PETER TRAILL is one of those authors who improve with every book, in contra-distinction to so many of the rising generation who peter out so quickly after a first success. His new book, *The Angel* (Grayson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is great fun. The term "angel" apparently is used in theatrical circles for the philanthropist who puts up the money for a play. Mr. Traill's hero is one of these singular gentlemen, and the book is an uproarious account of the adventures which he has and the strange characters whom he meets. Mr. Traill, himself a playwright of experience, knows a great deal about these weird folk with their vanities, their ambitions, their feverish hard work, and their desperate singleness of purpose, and he has drawn a capital gallery of characters and enlivened them with his own quick dialogue. I am a little surprised that so experienced a writer should repeatedly confuse the word "mulct" and "mulch." The one means, according to the dictionary, "to punish by a fine"; the other "to spread straw, leaves, and loose earth to protect tender plants." which seem to me to be two different things.

"MATADOR" (Gollancz; 8*s.*) is Miss Marguerite Steen's new novel. The central figure is Don José, a retired bull-fighter of great renown, whose dancing feet in the bull-ring had earned him the affectionate and adoring nickname of El Bailerín—the Dancer. It was inevitable, therefore, that when his eldest son, Pepe, became in his turn a matador, the people should have christened him El Bailerinito—the Little Dancer. But Pepe was not a fighter in the classic style of his famous father. He was a flashy and reckless performer rather than a master of the art, and, worse still, he put wine, women and song before his work. El Bailerín himself had never done that, even when the ladies of Spain were crowding round him in the summer and the splendour of his youth. Gradually the old man sees his pride being humbled and his honour tarnished by the disgraceful behaviour of Pepe, until at last, in his "home" bull-ring at Granada, the foolish young matador brings a final disgrace upon his father by letting himself be killed by a bull. The other two sons, Miguel, the revolutionary, and Juan, the poet, prefer to throw in their lot with the Communists rather than follow in their father's profession, and the old man retires, in lonely and solitary despair, to a huge country house.

Yevonde

A new portrait of Miss Marguerite Steen, whose new novel, "Matador," is reviewed on this page. Miss Steen is engaged on a Spanish Trilogy, and spends most of her time nowadays in the South of Spain

Matador is a curiously uneven book. It is, for one thing, very much too long, and there are pages and pages of dull, pseudo-psychological stuff which retards the action most dreadfully. On the other hand, much of the descriptive writing is full of colour and the bull-fighting scenes are most exciting; the characters of the two matadors are well drawn. On the other hand, again, the girl Pilár is just about the most irritating creature I have ever come across in fiction, and the rest of the characters are rather dim. And Miss Steen has developed a maddening trick of peppering her pages with Spanish words—mostly highly technical terms—not even printed in italics, and untranslated in a glossary. It is a sort of ostentatious intellectualism which annoyed me a good deal, partly because it interrupts the sequence of intelligibility and partly because it made me feel an ignorant creature in not understanding the words. It is a poor technique that annoys the reader.

"WINTERFIELD," by Miss Marjorie Booth (Nicholson and Watson), is rather an interesting book, and would be more interesting still if the central figure did not suffer a sea-change into something strange so very suddenly. At the beginning of the book, Mark Winterfield is quite an attractive person, a very superior type of chemist who might, with a little luck, have been a Professor of Chemistry instead of a small shop-keeper. Then he marries—en secondes noces—his extremely charming lady-assistant, and from that instant, instead of settling down to a happy married life, he is engulfed, for no apparent reason, in a flood of self-pity. He gets more and more lachrymosely sorry for himself, and he convinces himself, without the slightest difficulty, and with even less evidence, that his son and his wife are carrying on an intrigue behind his back, and that makes him sorrier for himself than ever. He behaves abominably to the unfortunate girl, and has only himself to blame when he drives her into the arms of, not his son, but of his best friend. Mr. Winterfield thereupon commits suicide. It is a hard, cold study of a hard, cold man, but it is written with a certain power and a complete sincerity.

A NOVEL which consists entirely of letters written by one party to another party is apt to be excessively tedious, and my spirits sank when I opened *Belated April*, by Marion Reid-Jamieson and Nancy Rose (John Miles; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Even Messrs. Walpole and Priestley failed to pull off this difficult business, and I always skip unblushingly the miles of correspondence in *Guy Mannering*. But *Belated April* has one very important redeeming feature. The half of the correspondence that is sustained by Jill is written with wit and charm and subtle observation, and delicious sense of humour. Would that Jill had written the whole book. For Ann, the other letter-writer, lying sick of some disease in Switzerland, is so fearfully high-falutin' that I could not get on with her at all. But Jill, inheriting a lovely old country house, and being called upon by the local gentry and settling their love-affairs, is an enchanting person, and I was very sad when she messed up her own love-affair. Jill knew how to make tiny, glowing sketches of her neighbours, and her picture of the proud, invincible Jew is full of the deeper tones of real tragedy. But Ann, alas, soared into the clouds, and was lost in their nebulous woolliness. Next time, let Jill do it all while Ann sits, an applauding spectator, in the front row of the stalls.

The New V-8 Saloon de Luxe (2 Doors), **£255,** *at Works, Dagenham*

The Outstanding Success in 1933 of the

lends especial interest to the New V-8, a roomier car internally, a handsomer car, sounder value than ever, and the least costly high-grade multi-cylindered motor car produced within the British Empire.

To enjoy draught-free ventilation at its most efficient, you must try this New V-8.

To experience luxury motoring at economy expenditure, you owe it to yourself to try this New V-8.

Like every other Ford product, the New V-8 is backed by Ford Facilities, with fixed, low charges for repairs, and replacements with genuine Ford parts, manufactured from highest-grade materials, and interchangeable to a thousandth of an inch.

* *May we send you Literature, and the Local Dealer's Name and Address?*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Stratford-on-Avon

BUT

SHELL on the Road

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Sightseeing on the Imperial Air Routes

By Charles Ward

Taking the Long View

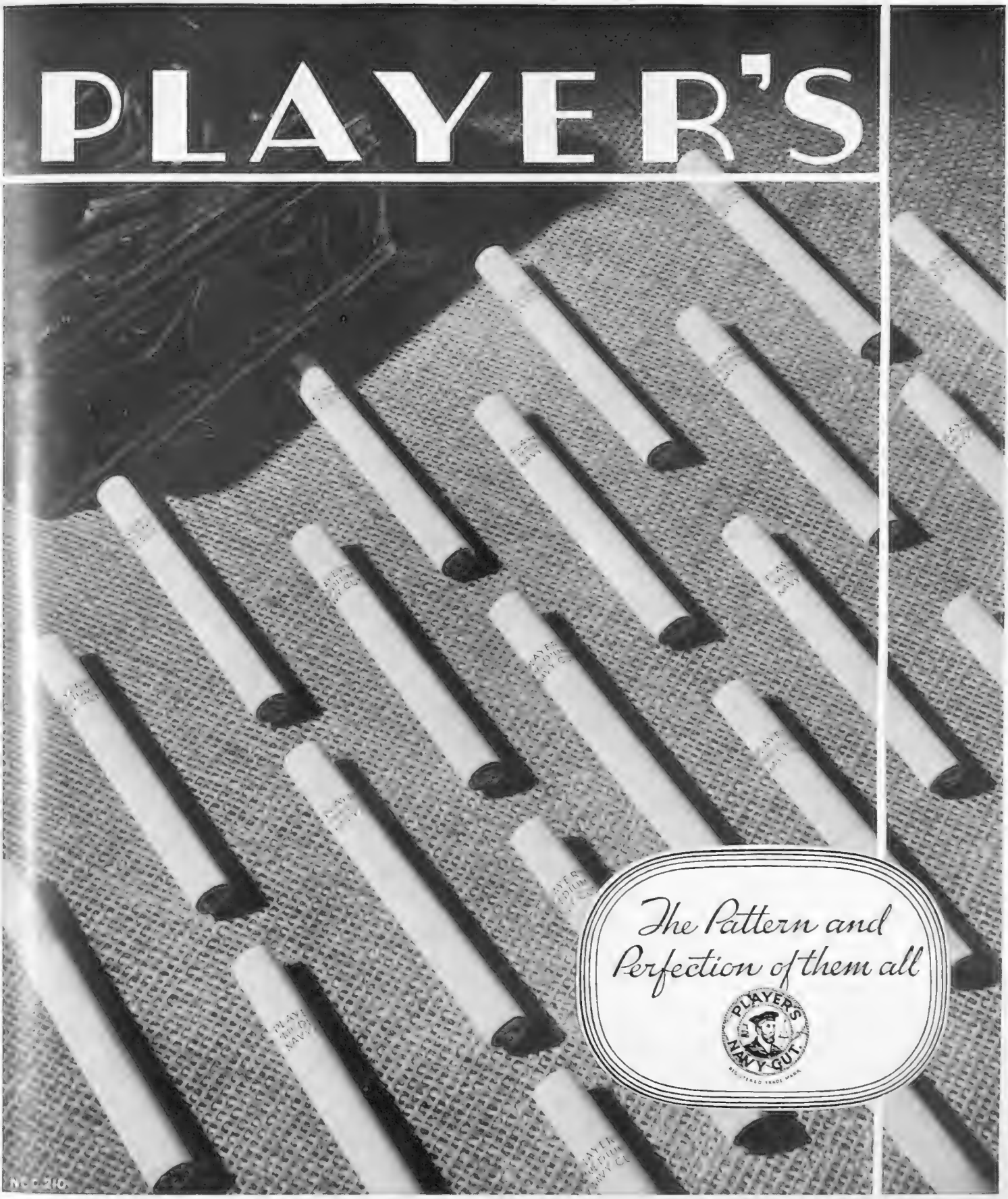
To anyone who flies, the long view, in a strictly literal sense, is a commonplace. When the air is clear, the range of vision, even from the height of a normal air journey at 4000 feet, may be anything from 50 to 100 miles. The human eye has its limits, however, but with the aid of the aerial camera, using infra-red plates, detail which is apparently out of sight appears as if by magic in the finished picture. The *Times*, continuing its series of experiments with infra-red, has sent a photographer with the Imperial Air Mail to Singapore, and pictures of great interest and beauty are now being published. It is possible that a world's record has been achieved with a depth of 270 miles in one view taken in India. Whilst Lord Willingdon, Viceroy of India, is making an inspection by air of the provinces devastated by recent earthquakes, Mrs. Roosevelt, first lady in the States, flies from Miami, Florida, to Puerto Rico for an enquiry into distress on that island. Without aircraft, such tours are impossible, owing to lack of time, or, in the case of the Viceroy's visit to Bihar and Orissa, to the disorganisation of roads and railways. A successful administrator is one with accurate general knowledge of the "business" he controls, and whether this be a country the size of India, an island, a golf course, an estate in Kenya, or just a railway goods-yard, the air view adds immeasurably to that knowledge.

Flying to a Point-to-Point

The Whaddon Chase made use of the "A.A." landing-ground at the Fountain Hotel, Loughton, as the starting-place for its Point-to-Point. Quite a number of sportsmen arrived by air in the morning, the ground being closed for flying, of course, until the meeting had been concluded, which allowed plenty of time for pilots to get away to their destinations before dark. Loughton is one of the landing-grounds in the "A.A." Register for which no permit is necessary. It was started by Lt. R. J. Harrison, late R.N., for the convenience of visitors to the Hotel and the neighbourhood generally. A car is sent to the landing-ground if pilots will circle the Hotel three times. Every year the number of pilots licensed shows an increase, and another good sign is the tendency to keep private 'planes in commission throughout the year instead of during the season of good flying weather only. Lloyds and the British Corporation Register contained particulars of 1133 machines with British Certificates of air-worthiness on January 1st this year. Out of a total of 490 British private owners, 49 were women. Clubs owned 78 machines, 280 were in use by schools, air taximen and joy-riding concerns, whilst 39 were used entirely for business not connected with aviation.

Spring is Here

Spring commenced officially at Croydon on March 1st, with early and late departures to and from the Continent. There is a 7 a.m. K.L.M. service to Berlin which allows about three hours in the Nazi capital, the return flight to London, via Amsterdam, starting at 4 p.m. and arriving at Croydon by floodlight at 8.30. The adoption of twenty-four-hour time by the British Government is a reform somewhat overdue. It is essential for working all international time-tables, and has been in use by Imperial Airways for some years. In spite of bad weather last month—there were, in fact, only thirteen fine days flying—Heston reports an increase in school hours of more than 50 per cent. over February, 1933. H.R.H. Princess Beatrice paid a surprise visit to the airport and took tea in the restaurant, which has been fitted with a parquet floor, and tastefully decorated and heated to exclude the chill of early Spring. It is hoped to reopen the Hatfield swimming-pool at Easter, presumably for the Spartans who take to cold water every day. Arrangements are being made for riding lessons at the aerodrome, which has become the most completely equipped of any in the London area for sporting activities.



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 50 FOR 2'5 100 FOR 4'8

Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

The "Fairway and Hazard" Meeting

County Foursomes at West Hill

Miss Rabbidge, Miss Ramsden, Mrs. C. Matthews, and Miss Pockett, competitors in the County Foursomes competition

An impression by Molly Bishop of Lady Lymington enjoying a cigarette at Bramshot Golf Club

Seen at Stoke Poges

Miss Joy Winn (holder), Mrs. Clark and Miss Mary Peech, who played in the London Ladies' Foursomes

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WENTWORTH is so often the stage of some of the most pleasant meetings of the year that there is nothing new or surprising in telling you how everybody enjoyed themselves there for the Spring open meeting of the W.A.S.A., organised by *Fairway and Hazard*. It does not seem to matter how many bunkers are visited or how many cards have to be consigned to the depths of the blazing logs in the hall; people are cheerful. Of course, the presence of Miss H. V. Smith behind the starting-table has a good deal to do with it; then, this year, there was brilliant sunshine outside—a matter for thanksgiving after the rain of the day before. Another contributory cause was the fact that somebody unexpected arrived at the top of the scratch and senior handicap lists, which always adds to the gaiety and gives fresh hope to everybody else. It is so encouraging to feel that exalted personages, like Internationals and county golfers, need not always gather all the plums. Mrs. Frank Rider, who used to be identified with North Surrey, but now enters from Goodwood, was this untitled challenger who showed herself the best of the hundred competitors. Her 81 carried off the scratch. ties from Miss Mary Peech and Miss Bridget Newell, and her 74 net the handicap from Mrs. A. G. Robinson. She could not take both, but the credit was hers, and her 37 home was something with which anybody might have been pleased. Miss Newell was home in 39; Miss Peech ought to have been, in which case the scratch would have been hers without further argument, but a little putt went wrong at the eighteenth.

Approaching the First Tee

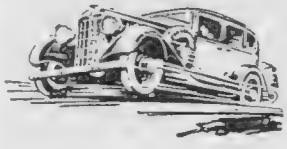
Two more competitors in the London Foursomes at Stoke Poges: Miss Hyde and Miss Dix-Perkin

I HAPPENED on one of those unlucky mornings when you walk diligent miles without seeing a single shot struck by the eventual winners. I started off with Miss Beryl Pockett, the young Sussexite, for whom Robson has been doing great things. I know her card was one of those that fed the flames, but no matter. Her hitting of the ball has improved out of all belief, having gained in control, crispness, and the knowledge behind it, and I am as sure as one may be of anything in this uncertain world that she is a coming golfer. Miss Anne de Montmorency, daughter of the great "R. H.," was another whom I watched with pleasure, because she, too, seems to have come on with a leap. Probably she was not at her happiest. She, like Miss Dix Perkin, did something strange to some portion of a leg, winter-sporting in Northern Italy. Nor was violent squash the day before perhaps quite helpful. And yet, I am not sure. Miss Toni Ramsden was playing that game hard on Wednesday, and on Thursday she was round West Hill in 76, and a comfortable winner for Middlesex II. My own feeling is that if you mix all the games thoroughly and indiscriminately enough, none of them does harm

(*Continued on page* viii)

ROOMINESS

A luxurious four-seater saloon with space for a fifth if needs be. Deep form-fitting seats with real leather upholstery. Leg room to suit a "six-footer," with lots of head and elbow room. Adjustable front seats. Sensibly wide doors.

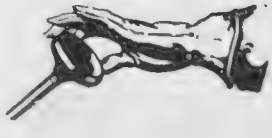


PERFORMANCE

Exhilarating acceleration that is remarkably smooth and quiet. From walking pace to 50 m.p.h. in just over 20 seconds. Fine turn of speed, the 14 h.p. model 65-70 m.p.h., the 12 h.p. model 60-65 m.p.h. 25 to 30 miles per gallon.

NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION

Vauxhall's new boon to motoring comfort gives fresh air without draughts. As much or as little fresh air as each individual wants without draughts to other passengers. No more stuffiness and tobacco fumes.



EASY GEAR CHANGE

You can make a faultless gear change every time with Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh. No double-declutching—no feeling for gears—nothing new to learn, just some of the old, tedious things to forget. 4-speed gearbox. Silent third gear.

VAUXHALL SALES go UP and UP and UP

Last summer Vauxhall sprung the biggest motoring surprise—the Vauxhall Light Six. At Olympia the critics declared it the car of the year. And now the motoring public have more than confirmed this verdict.

For Vauxhall sales have reached a record level. They have gone up and up. They are *still* going up. This is surely a remarkable car, to have gained such esteem within a year!

For round about £200 the Vauxhall Light Six is incredible value-for-money. Attractively modern with trim flowing lines. Quite the roomiest and most comfortable of all Light Sixes with a unique No-Draught Ventilation system to add new comfort to your motoring. A spirited car, with a smooth, lively engine and all backed by Vauxhall's thirty years' experience.

You, too, should try the car of the year. Your local Vauxhall dealer will give you a trial run or write direct to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, N.W.9

VAUXHALL

LIGHT SIX—12 h.p. and 14 h.p.

STANDARD SALOON (12 h.p. model only) £195 *Sliding Roof £5 extra.*
DE LUXE SALOON (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.) *with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation and eleven other refinements* **£215.**

The 12 h.p. model for true Vauxhall performance at lowest operating costs.
The 14 h.p. model for the maximum acceleration and an extra turn of speed.

VAUXHALL BIG SIX—Light Six value on a larger scale. 20 h.p. Saloon with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, £325. 7-seater Limousine, £550.

The new Armstrong-Siddeley Sports Coupé is an interesting development of the familiar and popular 12 h.p. model. A distinctly attractive appearance has been achieved, the absence of any central pillar being a novelty

Cars with a Personality

The 12-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley

By The Earl of Cardigan

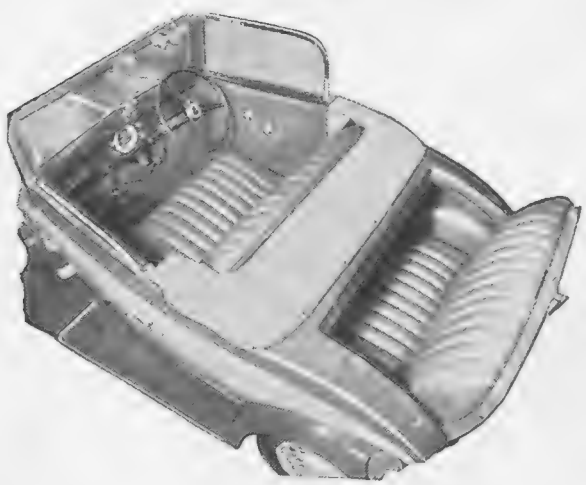
As a sturdy light car of the "family" type, the 12-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley has been well known and deservedly popular for many years past. It is only just lately, however, that a "sports" edition of the "Twelve" has been added to the Armstrong-Siddeley range. The new model, known as the Sports Coupé, was exhibited at the Olympia Show, and has now been put into full production.

There is no denying that more than ordinarily attractive "lines" have been achieved. There is a marked demand nowadays for the small car which is graceful and pleasing to the eye, and this Sports Coupé must be awarded very high marks for its success in this direction. Inevitably, some sacrifice has had to be made in the matter of comfort and convenience—but it is a sacrifice no greater than that which is commonly made whenever a small car of the "sports" type is designed. Neither head-room nor leg-room can be described as generous—certainly not where a tall man is concerned.

On the road, the remarkable sturdiness of the 12-h.p. chassis is a feature compelling admiration. The car "sits down" with the steadiness of a much larger and heavier machine, and achieves its very creditable turn of speed with exceptional lack of any apparent effort. The engine remains smooth and quiet, even when running at very high "revs"

(*Continued on page iv*)

The two doors are of useful width, so that the car is a very easy one to enter or leave. There is also, of course, no gear lever to cause obstruction



RENAULT

The Renault 12 H.P. Coupé is the only car of its type and class. The folding head is light and quick in operation and is completely concealed when down. The fully upholstered dickey provides ample room for two full sized adults, and winding windows of safety glass are fitted. The price of £250 includes free choice from 80 coachwork colours and 52 upholstery materials (leather or cloth).

Write at once for particulars

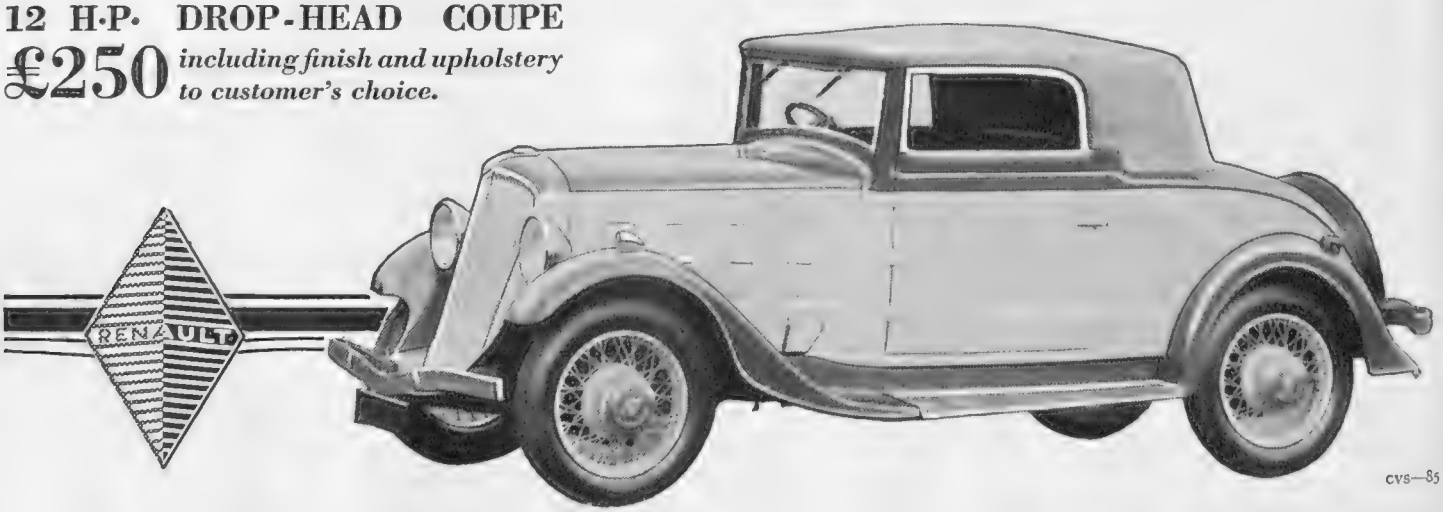
RENAULT LTD.

SEAGRAVE ROAD, WEST BROMPTON, LONDON, S.W.6

West End Showrooms: 21 PALL MALL, S.W.1

12 H·P· DROP-HEAD COUPE

£250 *including finish and upholstery to customer's choice.*



CVS—85

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

"Supreme among modern machinery, the Rolls-Royce engine is more than a model of craftsmanship. It is a criterion by which other standards are measured. *A Rolls-Royce is the lightest, least tiring car to manage in the world.* It is balanced to the last degree in its perfect marriage of body to chassis. Controls, steering and brakes are finger-light. And as to the mechanism, like the perfect servant, it is the nearest known thing to invisibility. It is silent, utterly reliable and gives maximum efficiency in return for the minimum amount of attention."—*Harper's Bazaar*

All 40/50 h.p. Phantom II chassis are now fitted with the new Rolls-Royce controllable semi-automatic hydraulic damper system to the road springs. This device enables the driver, by the movement of a small lever on the steering wheel, to adjust the operation of the shock absorbers, to suit varying speeds, road conditions and loads

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6201

Unexpectedly in the Market.

In a Premier Situation at

LE TOUQUET

FOR SALE

OR WOULD BE LET FURNISHED

This charming and well-known Residence. Famed for its Magnificence.

Entrance hall (marble floor), Marble Staircase, sumptuously appointed Drawing-room 33′ x 24′, Dining-room 23′ x 23′, Smoking-room, very complete offices. 12 Bedrooms, 8 Bathrooms, Cloak rooms. Central Heating throughout, Company's water, Electric Light. Garage for 7. Pavilion Cottage. 7 Servants' rooms, 2 Baths. Lovely grounds, natural pine trees, rose garden, hard tennis court.

GOLF, SHOOTING, FISHING, POLO.

Series of photos and full particulars from Owner's Agents :—

HAMPTON & SONS, 20, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.

"FLOAT-ON-AIR"

is fitted to the Wolseley Nine

"Float-on-Air" as used on Wolseley Nine.

to the form of the user, giving complete and gentle support at every point of contact, whilst eliminating hard spots and rolling and absorbing all road shocks and vibration.

"Float-on-Air" can be fitted to your new car, or the present upholstery of any car can be converted at a very low cost, by any body-builder or garage.

"Float-on-Air" is also fitted by the manufacturers to certain models of A.C. Austin, Aston-Martin, Crossley, Marendaz and Morris Cars.

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LTD ARDWICK MANCHESTER 12

Before a product is standardised by Wolseley Motors Ltd., countless searching and stringent tests have to be performed to prove its service and reliability. The fact that "Float-on-Air" pneumatic upholstery is fitted as standard to the Wolseley Hornet and Wolseley Nine is more convincing than anything we can say about its comfort and reliability.

The supreme comfort of "Float-on-Air" is obtained by the cushion of air moulding itself

LOW COST OF CONVERSION

	EACH SEAT CUSHION	
	Front	Rear
Austin 10 - -	28/6	58/6
Morris 10 (all models)	31/-	58/6
Ford 8 - - -	28/6	58/6
Hillman (Minx) -	28/6	67/-
Standard (9 & 10)	28/6	67/-
Vauxhall (light 6)	28/6	67/-
Daimler 15 - -	31/-	67/-

Existing leather or fabric upholstery coverings are not changed.

Every model of every car can be converted to "Float-on-Air" at prices proportionate to size of seat.

FURNISHING & DECORATION by HAMPTONS

For more than a hundred years the name Hamptons has been an unquestionable guarantee of good taste and low cost

A LOUNGE IN THE MODERN STYLE

The walls are covered with Cedar, Oak, Peartree or other light wood veneers which are left their natural colour and laid on in horizontal bands. The Chairs are of steel tubular framing, upholstered in Morocco. An ample supply of electric light is afforded by horizontal candle fittings on a metal plate in the ceiling combined with wall candles.

By the application of knowledge and experience, the creation of colour schemes adapted to make the best use of local conditions, etc., Hamptons are constantly transforming rooms which, hitherto, have been found to be dull and depressing, into bright, restful rooms which it is a perpetual pleasure to be in.

Without fee or obligation, Hamptons will gladly send an expert to advise and estimate.

NEW FURNISHING BOOK (C.155) SHOWING THE LATEST PRODUCTIONS AND BEST VALUES IN FURNITURE, CARPETS, FABRICS, ETC., SENT POST FREE ON REQUEST.

HAMPTONS

PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQ.
LONDON, S.W.1

TELEPHONES: WHITEHALL 1020

CVS—593

Cars with a Personality *(Continued from page ii)*

Left:
Space at the back is limited, but there is comfortable seating for those of small stature. The sliding window-panel is a useful aid to ventilation

Below:
The instrument-panel is neat, and the driving position well arranged. Pre-selective gears are, of course, used in all Armstrong-Siddeley cars, controlled from the far side of the steering column

Below:
The luggage-container is neatly designed, and although of modest capacity, allows sufficient space to accommodate several small suit-cases

and giving road speeds between 60 and 65 m.p.h.

The gear-box, needless to say, is of the pre-selective type which Messrs. Armstrong-Siddeley first made famous. It is entirely foolproof—so that even the worst possible gear-change can produce no greater effect than perhaps a slight jerk. The third gear is a particularly good one, and in this ratio the car is surprisingly fast. It can reach a good 50 m.p.h., which is equivalent to saying that it can climb substantial hills at 40 m.p.h. or more.

With a smooth and efficient engine, a gear-box which can be used instantly and with ease, and a high, silent third-gear ratio, it is not surprising to find that this Armstrong-Siddeley is capable of quite impressive average speeds. Like all recent models of this make, it has the knack of "getting over the ground" without imposing any sense of strain or fatigue on the driver.

The brakes are extremely effective, and the steering excellent. The springing is good at all speeds, and road-holding is such as to give the driver entire confidence at all times. There has been an enormous improvement in recent years in the road-holding qualities of relatively small and light cars, and this 12-h.p. model is an admirable example of such development.

With its good looks, and a performance well in keeping with the sporting style of its coachwork, it is safe to predict that the new Armstrong-Siddeley model should quickly become popular. Among the younger generation of motorists, in particular, it will undoubtedly be welcomed; and its price—£285—must be regarded as distinctly reasonable, in view of the recognised high quality of Armstrong-Siddeley workmanship.

THE
BYSTANDER
£500
GOLF TROPHY
WEEK-END
1934

SECOND YEAR

Holder: L. B. Sanderson (Nairn)

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL is to be the headquarters for this Tournament (to be played over the Parkstone course on April 7th and 8th).

SPECIAL TERMS have been arranged for competitors. On April 8th, there will be a Bystander Cup GALA DINNER and DANCE with Jean Tapponnier and His Rhythm Six.

The PRIZEGIVING will take place in the lounge at 6.30 p.m.

EXTENSION OF LICENCE has been applied for. In short, this event will be in every way equal to the famous 'BRANKSOME CUP' WEEKEND.

Ten acres of thickly wooded grounds, private cliffs and sea promenade, 4 tennis courts, squash court, luxurious cuisine and appointments. Garage for 100 cars.

Write to L. Burdet, Manager, Telephone: Bournemouth 4000.

BRANKSOME
TOWER HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH

WELL DRESSED MEN

Particular People want the best—

and when buying shirts the K & P Shirt is undoubtedly the highest-grade garment on the market to-day.

True it costs more—it is the dearest branded ready-for-wear shirt on the market—but the extra price is more than compensated for by the quality.

The fact that Messrs. David & John Anderson, Ltd., of Atlantic Mills, Glasgow, will exclusively supply the shirtings is an outstanding factor—and means much to you. Design, wear, and material comfort, are doubly guaranteed.

The K & P Shirt is cut and tailored in our own factory, specially equipped on the most modern lines. In every respect it is the equal of the best made-to-measure shirts, with several new and exclusive additions. It is guaranteed unshrinkable provided it is not starched.

The K & P Shirt

From Exclusive Retailers. 18/6 *Worth the Extra.*

with two collars

Sole Manufacturers: KNIGHT & PETCH, LTD., LONDON.

The Editor's Box

Mr. Frederick J. Wolfe, Chairman of the Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd., who lately contributed an interesting article on advertising, in which he stressed the fact that Press advertising has succeeded in large degree in changing the habits of the public

Ship's Decorations

The smoking-room of the Isipingo, illustrated on this page, is designed by Messrs, Hampton and Sons on the lines of a Tudor manor hall, in weathered-oak panelling and beamed ceiling. The hewn-stone chimney-piece and brick interior, with its warming-pan, bellows, etc., give the room a comfortable lived-in appearance. The deep-seated easy chairs and settees in figured velvets and reproduction tapestries, the brick-red colour hide of the arm-chairs are shown to the best advantage against the subdued colours of the Ruboleum and panelling. The Ruboleum flooring has been laid to represent old stone paving, in greys, buffs and browns, overlaid with rich Persian rugs. The armour-bright is the metal finish of the lantern fittings, etc.

Thinking of Holidays?

It may be a little early to think of holidays, but, as a well-known Travel Agency points out, there is joy in looking forward, and, indeed, such is the popularity of cruising these days, that it is a wise precaution to book well ahead also. With such a large range of cruises from which to choose, the novice will, in making a decision, welcome the aid of *Cruises and Sea Tours*, a most attractive booklet, issued by Messrs. Dean and Dawson, 81, Piccadilly. Those, on the other hand, who wish to spend their holiday abroad, but on terra-firma, cannot do better than consult *Holidays on the Continent*, which booklet may also be obtained from the above Agency. It is not everyone who wishes to travel with a party, as Dean and Dawson realise well, and they make a special point of planning independent tours. Thus one may travel in complete freedom, though provided with the necessary tickets and coupons for travel and hotels, with the pleasant thought that all along the route there is a Dean and Dawson representative to assist one in case of need. The "William Tell Special" will interest many people. This train will leave London for Switzerland every Saturday evening from May 19th to September 8th inclusive, enabling Messrs. Dean and Dawson's clients to spend a week's holiday abroad at the cost of rail and boat fare only, and in some cases even less. Arrangements have been made for those desirous of visiting Italy or Austria to travel by this train to and from Switzerland, proceeding by ordinary services to their destination.

A view of the smoking-room, described on this page, on the twin-screw motor-ship Isipingo, which has been decorated and furnished throughout by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, Ltd., S.W.1

SPEND THE EASTER HOLIDAYS

AT

The Hotel Majestic

The World-renowned Spa Hotel

HARROGATE

Stands in its own grounds.
Overlooks Royal Baths and Pump Room.
Spacious Winter Garden. Ball Room.
All modern conveniences.
Tennis Courts and Putting Greens.
Garage adjoins Hotel.

Telegrams : "Hotel Majestic, Harrogate."

Telephone : Harrogate 2261.

Beautiful down to her finger-tips

HOW frequently it is said, "Yes, she's very beautiful, but—." It is the attention to the minute details which count, and a girl's hands are an infallible guide. You must be beautiful—right down to your finger-tips—and there is no better way to ensure this than by the use of the famous "Kraska" Nail Polish, which is used by Royalty. "Kraska" is easily and instantly applied, withstands the action of soap and water, yet is speedily removed by "Kraska" Polish Remover. It is most economical and by far the best polish for the nails. Every bottle includes brush for application.

"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER instantly removes polish. Just a touch and then wipe off. 1/-

"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER. Supplied with patent cuticle extractor. 1/- and 1/9

"KRASKA" NAIL POLISH

is made in 25 fascinating colours.

Blanche, Naturelle, Rosée, Double Rosée, Quadruple Rosée, Deep Quadruple Rosée, Coral, Deep Coral, Chinese Lake, Deep Chinese Lake, Orange, *Pearl, *Rose Pearl, *Gold, *Silver, Ruby, Deep Ruby, Black, Blue, Green, Tango-Coral, Deep Tango-Coral, etc.

Prices 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6 per bottle. *In 1/6 and 2/6 sizes only

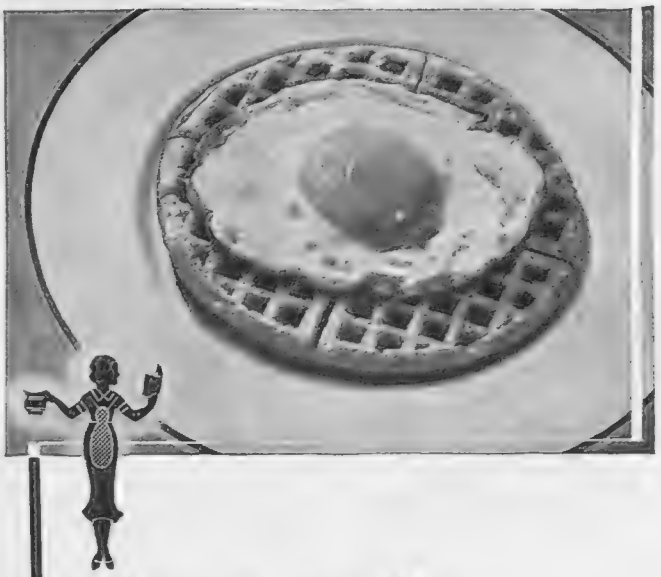
Kraska

Obtainable from all Chemists, Hairdressers Stores and Branches of Boots the Chemists.

"KRASKOL" for under-arm hygiene. Odourless, safe, antiseptic; a preventive of perspiration evils. 1/- and 1/6

"KRASKA" Nicotine and Ink Stain Remover, for keeping the hands free from unsightly stains. 1/- and 2/-

WAFFLES!



Try a waffle and fried egg for breakfast

Breakfast becomes a hundred times more interesting when WAFFLES are served as delicious, light and crispy alternatives to toast. Try a WAFFLE with your fried or scrambled egg, with grilled bacon or tomato — WAFFLES with marmalade are quite irresistible too, one can ring the changes indefinitely—that's the beauty of them!

WAFFLES made with eggs, milk and flour, or specially prepared WAFFLE FLOUR are most easily, quickly and cleanly cooked by electricity. The SOLON ELECTRIC WAFFLER is all ready to plug into a lighting or heating point—simply switch on and in three or four minutes the waffle is perfectly cooked on both sides without turning. There are innumerable ways of delighting your family and friends with Waffles. Write for

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET to :

W. T. HENLEY'S TELEGRAPH WORKS CO. Ltd., Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

SOLON ELECTRIC WAFFLER

THIRTY-TWO AND SIXPENCE

complete with recipe book and ½-lb. sample of Waffle Mixture. If unable to obtain please send us the name of your nearest dealer or stores.

Women's Golf *(Continued from page 560)*

to any of the others; it was my own recipe in the days when I had time for such things, and it can certainly be recommended to all the many golfers who seem to be getting so keen on squash at present.

CASUALTIES always seem a topic when the golfers first meet again after the winter. Miss Barbara Daniell and Mrs. V. G. Davies, for instance, have both been having pneumonia; they are more or less fit again, but Middlesex and Sussex will have to take care of them, and opponents of those counties will be less than human if they do not hope for the sort of weather when convalescents must stop at home.

Casualties amongst courses are also rife after all the drought, and not all are so rich in alternatives as Wentworth. THE BYSTANDER Spring Medal Foursomes on April 10th have been announced as on the East and Centre courses. Now, it seems that the Centre temporarily falls short of the Wentworth standard in turf condition, so the club are most generously lending the East and West Courses, instead of East and Centre; only, since the West is very long, a loop of three holes in the middle, totalling over a thousand yards between them, will be left out. Since many connoisseurs pronounce the West course the finest of all the Wentworth trio, the Foursomes are gainers rather than losers by the droughty conditions.

SOME courses seem not to have suffered at all. West Hill, for example, was playing beautifully for the Mason Foursomes. You know these used to call forth many lamentations, because the scratch bogey cards of two couples from each county, over thirty-six holes, had to be added together. To win with thirty down was quite a reasonable result. And that, to say the least of it, sounded depressing. This year there was a delightful change; it was medal play, and a county could, if need be, take the morning round of their Couple I. and add to it the afternoon round of their Couple II., and so arrive at something that sounded quite good. Actually, Kent's Couple I. played so really well all day that there was no occasion for any such eclecticism; Miss Dorothy Pearson and Miss Diana Fishwick led the field with 79 at lunch-time, and added 75 to it after lunch, their 154 being nineteen better than any other county could produce by any reckoning. The 75 was particularly fine golf, for par at West Hill is 76, and I was immensely impressed with what Miss Fishwick has done to her style. It used to be possible to call it stiff, lacking in pivot. Now there is splendid hip movement, without upsetting the smoothness of the arms, and the result is not only convincing in style, but there is greater length. I am inclined to think 1934 may quite well be Miss Fishwick's year again.

Mrs. Grahame and Miss Moss, who represented Knowle Park in the London Ladies' Foursomes

She, and everybody else, will be needed to stand up against the American invasion at Porthcawl. Miss Virginia van Wie is coming, and Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare, and even if they should be all the party—which seems unlikely—they may well take some stopping.

DETAILS are to hand now of how extremely sporting the organisers of the championship at Palm Beach were; knowing that Miss Kathleen Garnham could not get there in time for the qualifying round, they welcomed her with a letter when she stepped off the Homeric at Nassau, saying that if she came to Palm Beach by air that day, she would be excused the qualifying round.

Miss Garnham seems to have played very fine golf when she went over to the other coast; she only lost 3 and 2 to Miss van Wie, who was out in 36 and something under fours for the whole match.

Nearer home is news of the Hampshire Professionals beating the Ladies, and the newly-formed Forum Golfing Society beating a Roehampton team. We are full of activity in the golf world, certainly.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Second Annual Open Amateur Tournament, under handicap, for "The Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

Parkstone, on April 7th and 8th, 1934

(Headquarters: The Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth)

• Conditions

PLAY will be for THE BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes. Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, April 7. Those who return cards will qualify for one section or another according to their net scores, as the entire entry will be divided into sections of eight players. The best eight returns will form the Trophy Eight and will compete for the Trophy itself by match play under handicap, beginning on Saturday afternoon, the Semi-Finals and Final to be decided on the Sunday. The next best eight returns will form another section, and so on. Ties for the last place in any eight will be decided on the first nine holes: if there is still a tie, the tenth hole shall decide, and failing that the eleventh, twelfth, etc. It will be seen, therefore, that every competitor who returns a card, no matter how bad, will qualify for the match play stages of some section or other, and will at least have a full day on the Saturday. Furthermore, half the original entry must still be engaged on the Sunday.

• Special terms at the Branksome Tower Hotel

Competitors may stay at the Hotel during the week-end on specially arranged terms. The normal inclusive terms range from 22/6 to 32/6 a day, according to accommodation, and include breakfast, lunch, dinner and baths.

• Entries

Entries can be received from now onwards (no entry fee) by post addressed to: The Golf Editor, "Bystander," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. There is no entry form, but please give your name and address, and enclose a handicap certificate signed by the Secretary of the Club which gives you your lowest handicap.

"The Bystander" reserves the right to refuse any entry.

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. March 20, 1934.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

spring lingerie

From the Collection of New Spring Lingerie Novelties.

Delightful Easter Gifts

Knickers in the newest shapes made from washing silk satin, triple ninon and crêpe de Chine, variously trimmed lace. In beige, turquoise, pink, coral, parchment, mauve, green, and all lingerie shades, also black and white - - - All 15/- *each*

When ordering please state waist measurement.

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.

(Debenhams Ltd)

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure, Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendos are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.15 (except Mon.).

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—A first play, uneven but amusing, on the female complications of University life, with Barbara Hoffe and Meriel Forbes as the complications, Patrick Waddington and William Fox as their victims: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FOR LOVE.—Restoration wit and wickedness brilliantly presented by Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Athene Seyler, Flora Robson, Ursula Jeans, in the revival of Congreve's comedy: Sadler's Wells, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAGNOLIA STREET.—Louis Golding's novel provides a kaleidoscopic evening, full of vivid and moving snatches; Phyllis Konstam as Rose, Colin Keith-Johnson, and a great many more: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—The third Stoll Shakespearean production, with Marie Ney as Portia, Franklin Dyall as Shylock, Basil Gill as Antonio, and Jack Livesey as Bassanio: Alhambra, 2.30 and 8.30 (except Mon.).

NURSE CAVELL.—Nancy Price as the heroine in Bechoffer Roberts' and C. S. Forester's play: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRIVATE ROOM.—Alan Napier as the peer who wants a divorce, and Thea Holme as the girl who acts as paid and innocent co-respondent, in N. Royde-Smith's comedy: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—Last week of this successful historical play, with John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as Richard and his Queen: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat and Dorice Fordred continue their brilliant acting in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity for a last week: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY.—Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Nell Gwynne, Ivan Sampson as Charles II.: Prince's, 8. Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play, which is set in a perfect frame of décor and dresses; the author, studied and grave, plays an elderly Duke: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere—see Telephone Directory

GAY DIVORCE.—Last chances to see Fred Astaire's inimitable dancing, with Claire Luce as his partner, before he returns to America: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

HERE 's How!—George Robey his own eyebrow-raising self as Lord Ullage, the beer-baron, in his new revue, with June, light and graceful, as his opposite number: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment, Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce, with a Turkish bath centrepiece, and Sydney Howard "What 's-to-do-ing" with his customary verve and hand-play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—Nicholas Hannen, Hugh E. Wright, and Joan Marion in Anthony Armstrong's and Harold Simpson's murder thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30.

First Nights

GOOD-MORNING, BILL.—P. G. Wodehouse's comedy revived, with Peter Haddon as Bill Paradine, Winifred Shotter as Dr. Sally Smith, Phyllis Monkman, Laurence Grossmith: Daly's, March 20th.

DOUBLE DOOR.—Sybil Thorndike, Carol Goodner, and Owen Nares in Elizabethan McFadden's Victorian melodrama: Globe, March 21st.

OPERA

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at the Old Vic.

CINEMAS

BOLERO.—George Raft as the dancer whose career supplies the story, with Carol Lombard, Sally Rand and her famous fan dance, and Frances Drake: Carlton.

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the Czar, in another English film of history on the grand scale; Paul Czinner directed: Leicester Square.

CUPID IN THE ROUGH.—Comedy stuff, done by Charles Farrell and Wynne Gibson: Capitol.

EMPEROR JONES.—Paul Robeson in his original part, with Dudley Digges, "Blue Boy" O'Connor, and Ruby Elzy, in the film version of Eugene O'Neill's play: Marble Arch Pavilion.

FOOTLIGHT PARADE.—A spectacular film—girls and music predominating: Regal.

JACK AHOY!—Jack Hulbert's new bit of screen foolery: Tivoli.

LET 'S FALL IN LOVE.—The sentimental triangle is formed by Edmund Lowe, Ann Sothern, and Miriam Jordan: New Gallery.

LA ROBE ROUGE.—Suzanne Rissler and Daniel Mandaille in the film of Brieux's famous novel on the injustice of a prisoner being examined without his counsel: Academy.

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY.—The search has resulted in a new girls-and-music carnival, with Larry Buster Crabbe, Ida Lupino, Robert Armstrong, James Gleisen, Roscoe Karns, and Toby Wing: Plaza.

TROUBLE.—Sydney Howard's latest bit of humour, with Muriel Aked, George Curzon, Dorothy Robinson: Empire.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.—Marthe Eggerth in the record-breaking Austrian film, with Schubert's music, opens the new Mayfair cinema, the Curzon.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Sir Henry Wood conducts Bax's No. 1 Symphony, Schumann's Manfred Overture, and Elgar's B minor violin concerto, which Adolf Busch plays: Queen's Hall, March 21st, 8.15.

R.P.S.—The Brosa String Quartette, with Leon Goossens, Gwendolen Mason, Reginald Kell, Joseph Slater, and Victor Watson in the last chamber music concert: Aeolian Hall, March 22nd, 8.30.

ELGAR MEMORIAL CONCERT.—Royal Choral Society, L.P.O. and B.B.C. Orchestras, under Adrian Boult and Sir Landon Ronald, give "The Dream of Gerontius," preceded by the slow movement from the Second Symphony: Albert Hall, March 24th, 2.30.

GLASGOW ORPHEUS CHOIR.—Concert conducted by Sir Hugh S. Robertson: Queen's Hall, March 24th, at 3 and 8.

BEECHAM SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERT.—Haydn's Symphony No. 99; Brahms's Symphony No. 3; Delius's piano concerto in C minor, with Katharine Goodson; Sir Thomas Beecham conducts: Queen's Hall, March 25th, 3.15.

Recitals

JACQUES THIBAUD.—Violin recital: Wigmore Hall, March 20th, 8.15.

FERNANDO AUTORI.—With Lorraine la Fosse: Queen's Hall, March 20th, 8.15.

ALEXANDER BOROVSKY.—Piano recital, and an interesting programme: Wigmore Hall, March 23rd, 8.30.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Carolyn Buchman and her seven American girls do some good dancing stuff; Howard Jacobs and his band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Ben Blue, "the all-American Half-wit," and his Nit-wits on Parade; Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Eating here is more important than dancing, but the Tzigane orchestra are good to dance to.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Walsh and Arnold, American entertainers, provide the cabaret, Van Straten and his band the dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

COSSACK.—Here are three orchestras, one coloured, to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The New York Midnight Follies of 1934 are appearing now, with Mitzi Mayfair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moschetto's and Syd Lipton's bands play for dancing.

MARGUERITE.—A good place to eat—and eat—in Soho. No music.

MONSEIGNEUR.—The Four Yacht Club Boys, from New York, are singing the snappiest songs; Jack Harris makes dance music: extension night, Thursday.

ODONE'S.—A new cabaret every week is good, but secondary to the question of food.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

"CARNIVAL ON ZUYDER ZEE."—First-class skating in costume to watch; dancing on the balcony; in aid of Queen Mary's Hospital and the Duchess of York's Clinic: Ice Club, Westminster, March 21st.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH LOAN EXHIBITION: Chesterfield House.

"PORCELAIN THROUGH THE AGES."—Loan exhibition: 25, Park Lane.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Royal Institute Galleries, from March 26th.

FLOWER SHOW.—Horticultural Hall, March 20th-21st.

SPORT

"RUGGER."—Army v. Air Force: Twickenham, March 24th.

GOLF.—Halford-Hewitt Cup: Deal, March 23rd-25th.

RACING.—Lincolnshire Handicap, March 21st. Grand National, March 23rd.

"I don't mind" velvety weave woollen three-quarter swagger coat, art satin blouse, and matching skirt. 16/6 monthly.

"So snappy" simply tailored novelty weave woollen coat with large bow, lined with art crepe. cash 6 gns. 18/- monthly

"That certain thing" smartly tailored costume in novelty woollen with clever seamings. cash 5 gns. 15/- monthly.

call in to-day at the corot showrooms

and see the new collection of spring and early summer models being shown.

or post the coupon below to obtain the corot spring fashion guide and particulars of instalment plan.

corot

(dept. b.s. 375)

33 old bond street

london, w.1. regent 0234.

— post this coupon to corot to-day —

free please send, without obligation, corot spring fashion guide and full particulars of instalment plan.

name .....

address .....

..... b.s. 375

Guaranteed absolutely waterproof!

COTTON-OXFORD

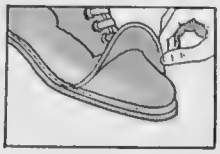
DOUBLE UPPER VELDTSCHOEN

GOLF SHOES

LADIES' SIZES 35/-

MEN'S SIZES 42/-

The shoe within a shoe



This diagram shows the principle of "a shoe within a shoe" and how the outer upper is carried over the sole, seals the welt where the inner upper meets it, and is secured to upper edge of sole and heel seat by stout waxed cord.

SOLD BY CLUB PROFESSIONALS, SPORTS OUTFITTERS AND STORES EVERYWHERE

IN CASE OF DIFFICULTY the makers will send your size on approval on receipt of cash . . or (if you prefer) an odd shoe will be sent post free without remittance.

• The makers would also be pleased to send a fully illustrated 28 page booklet on request.

Cotton-Oxford Shoemakers • Leicester

Harrods

SHIRTS TO MEASURE

that CANNOT shrink!

Harrods 'Harbank' Finish—an entirely new process—makes Harrods Poplin Shirtings *absolutely unshrinkable* so long as starch be omitted from the laundering. And all the usual niceties of fit, style and comfort always associated with a Harrods Bespoke Shirt! Quite the finest Shirt-value in the Kingdom. To your measure **21/-**

Collars 2/3 each

Patterns free on request

The MAN'S SHOP

Harrods Ltd London SW1

A popular new dressing

THE popular plait with curled ends, which has so adequately provided a change in hairdressing modes and is a novelty for both day or evening wear, is here seen on a charming and becoming model from our West End Salons. It is shown in conjunction with a "Universal" Transformation but can be supplied with or without curls for wear in several ways, from 42/-.

Consult us on all hair problems. Full satisfaction, strict secrecy, prompt delivery, moderate charges. Call on the Manageress at 1, Berners Street, or write to-day for illustrated brochure.

UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.

80/84, Foxberry Road, Brockley, London, S.E.
West End Salon: 1, Berners St., Oxford St., W.1

'Phone: Museum 3128.

Give What You Can! Three Easter Appeals

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

THE Open Door is the symbol of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, whose proud boast is "No child ever refused admission." Over 114,000 children have entered by this open door, of whom nearly 40,000 have gone to the Empire overseas; and of these ninety-eight per cent. have made good in the surroundings in which they were placed. Fresh arrivals to the Home average five a day, including tiny babies; of the 8478 children at present in the care of the Homes, 1323 are under five years of age.

It is interesting to consider some of the ways in which these children are cared for. Many of them are boarded out in cottage homes throughout England, where they live with their foster-parents the family life which is every child's birthright. At the Girls' Village Home, girls are taught and trained for the future, as boys are in the Boys' Garden City and at the William Baker Technical School, while two naval and nautical schools prepare lads for the Navy and Mercantile Marine. At special homes all over the country, delicate and crippled children are cared for and restored to health.

More than 25,000 meals a day have to be provided for this huge family of children, and funds for this and the myriad other expenses of the Homes are always needed. Ten shillings will feed one child for a fortnight; £35 will maintain a healthy child for a year. For £500 a bed will be endowed, and a brass plate affixed, and particulars of the occupant sent to the donor. All cheques and donations, great or small, are gratefully received, and should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

"The National Godfather's" Jubilee

WONDERFUL work for children is done by the N.S.P.C.C., who have made the lives of over four million children brighter and happier. It helps, on an average, four little children every five minutes of every working day. Often the cruelty to which these children are subjected is wilful, but there is also much misery caused to defenceless children by mere callous neglect and indifference, whilst ignorance, poverty, and drink are other contributory causes. Whatever the cause, the N.S.P.C.C. has well-tried methods for combating it, only proceeding to invoke the law when all other means fail. The aim of its 263 "Children's Men" is to win the confidence of parents or guardians and arouse the latent sense of parental responsibility—education as opposed to persecution. The national character of the work is reflected in valuable contributions to the legislation of this country, including the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Acts of 1889, 1894, and 1904. These untiring efforts to give joy instead of misery, happiness instead of degradation and ruin, have well earned for the N.S.P.C.C. the familiar title of "the National Godfather." Gifts for the work, which is now in its Jubilee Year, will be welcomed by Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

Sympathy with Suffering

EACH year the Annual Report of the Royal Surgical Aid Society contains convincing proof of the immense value of the work it has carried on so successfully for seventy-two years. A young women, whose husband is a casual labourer, was in need of a special belt for abdominal support. It was supplied. She wrote: "The belt is a great help and comfort to me, and already I feel much better. In fact, my people can see the change in me. Oh, it is a joy to me to know that I can walk about without all those dreadful pains! Thank you for all the beautiful work put into the belt and for your great love and sympathy for the sick and suffering of this world. May God bless you all." Since the beneficent work of the Society was established in 1862 it has supplied over 1,500,000 suitable appliances to those in urgent need of such assistance, thus enabling multitudes to retain their employment or go back to work fit and able to perform their duties. All the appliances are fitted by experts. Inquiries are made as to the means and circumstances of applicants. Those who can afford to do so are encouraged to contribute towards the cost. Letters of recommendation can be obtained at the rate of four for each guinea subscribed. This system brings subscribers into personal touch with the patients—giving to the bestowal of this charity that precious touch of human kindness. Further particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. Richard C. Tresidder, Royal Surgical Aid Society, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

8,500
children now being supported.
Please send
AN EASTER GIFT
of 10/-
to feed one child for a fortnight.
Cheques, etc., payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 74 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

Royal Surgical Aid Society
Head Office: SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET ST., E.C.4
Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING. Treasurer: W. HANBURY AGGS, Esq., M.A., LL.M
The Society was established in 1862 to supply
SPINAL SUPPORTS, LEG INSTRUMENTS, TRUSSES, ELASTIC STOCKINGS, ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, etc.
Since the commencement of the Society it has supplied over
1,500,000 Appliances to the Poor
Annual Subscription of 10s. 6d. or Life Subscription of £5 5s. 0d.
Entitles to Two Recommendations per annum, and so on in proportion to amount
Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Bankers, BARCLAYS BANK, Ltd., 19, Fleet Street, E.C.4, or by the Secretary, RICHARD C. TRESIDDER, at the offices of the Society. Tel. No. Central 4584.

Are you a 'Children's Man'?
Many children seem to have a specially fond Uncle or Aunt or friend, but have you ever thought of the thousands without a friend in the world—with cruel, callous or depraved parents? For them the N.S.P.C.C. was founded. It is now celebrating its 50th year of service and over 4,000,000 children have been ensured a happier life. There are now 262 N.S.P.C.C. 'Children's Men' working for suffering children in England, Wales and Ireland. Will you help some little one by sending a 'Jubilee' gift to WM. J. ELLIOTT, Director?
N.S.P.C.C.
VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2.

"DONNA"

An exact copy of an Agnes model. In black satin. 8 Gns.

Gowns—Second Floor.

Swan & Edgar LTD

Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1. *'Phone: REGent 1616*

Harrods LUNCH AND TEA BASKETS

Greatest Choice and Finest Values in London

No. 1

● Closely woven English Willow Rods with Wicker partitions. Lined throughout. With Thermos 'Stronglas' Flasks, non-fragile Cups and Saucers, Plates and Tumblers. Sugar Boxes and Condiment Pots, Milk Bottle, large China Provision Jars with Nickel-plated covers, Stainless Knives, Forks and Teaspoons. For two persons. Size 13 x 11 x 7 ins. £3

Larger sizes £5 and £7 4s.

No. 2

● Covered Black or coloured Rexine with White washable lining. Fitted Vacuum Flasks, non-fragile Cups and Saucers, Plates and Tumblers. Butter Jar, Milk Bottle, two large Food Boxes with Nickel lids, Stainless Knives, Forks and Spoons. For two persons. Size 12 x 9 x 5 ins. £1.15

Larger Sizes £3 3s. and £4 18s.

PICNIC BASKETS SECOND FLOOR

HARRODS LTD (SLOane 1234) LONDON SW1

"The Bystander" SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES (1934)

At Wentworth

"The Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (10th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the club, on the East and West Courses, on Tuesday, April 10th, 1934.

Holders: MRS. H. GUEDALLA and MISS A. REGNART

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the West Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Monday, April 2nd, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest on April 4th.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd, 1934.

"THE BYSTANDER" One Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Tenth Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, April 10th, 1934

Please enter

Mrs. / Miss .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth with

Mrs. / Miss .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / Miss .....and *Mrs. / Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the West Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the West Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

"The Bystander" Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (12th Year)

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1934, will be held at Birkdale, by kind invitation, April 17th and following days.

Holders: MRS. A. P. BLAND and MRS. JOHNSON

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from visitors from other countries without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before April 2nd should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

BIRKDALE — NO ENTRANCE FEE

"THE BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Twelfth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Birkdale, on April 17th, 1934, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / Miss .....

of..... *Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address.....

Telephone number.....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / Miss .....

of.....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home address.....

Telephone number.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 13th to Royal Hotel, Southport. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, 4101 Southport.

HOTELS

"The Bystander" headquarters will be the **Royal Hotel, Southport.**

Special Terms:

Room, bath and full board, 16/6 each person per day.
Room, bath, breakfast and dinner, 15/.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes
N. P. F. A. Competition (3rd Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MRS. PLATT

Particulars will be announced later.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — MARCH

Name *Mrs. / Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

HARVEY NICHOLS of KNIGHTSBRIDGE

FASHION SPECIALISTS

HARVEY NICHOLS AND CO., LTD.,
LONDON, S.W.1. Sloane 3440

FOR EASTER—choose a Breton sailor from Harvey Nichols' Model Hat Department. It will be fashionable, becoming, and just what you need for early summer days! Moreover, Harvey Nichols will copy any hat you fancy, in colours to suit you—and the size to fit you exactly!

FEATHERS!—We made this new, shallow-crowned sailor, of very fine straw, in nigger brown, and trimmed it with feathers of a heavenly turquoise-blue. A narrow rouleau of elastic—almost invisible—holds it securely to the back of your head. **79/6**

AND FLOWERS!—Heaps of tiny red roses, clustered on a narrow petersham band, give charm to this black straw sailor. The ribbon slots through the crown at the back, and ties in a bow on a small straw bandeau. **3½ Gns.**

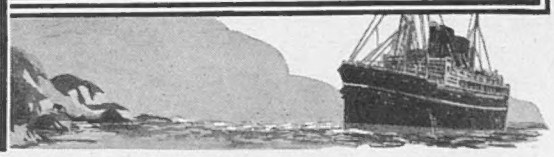
P&O PLEASURE CRUISES

By "VICEROY of INDIA"
20,000 TONS
One Class Only—First

June 30. The Fjords, North Cape etc.
13 days——————from 20 gns.
July 14. Copenhagen Stockholm etc.
13 days——————from 20 gns.
July 28. North Africa, Venice etc.
20 days——————from 36 gns.
Aug. 18 Athens, the Greek Is. etc.
23 days——————from 40 gns.

Also cruises of two weeks (1st Class £22 or £25 and Tourist £12 or £15) by Strathnaver and Strathaird, 22,500 tons; and by Moldavia and Mongolia 17,000 tons (Tourist only from £1 per day).

For Brochures in full colour apply
P&O CRUISES
14, Cockspur Street, S.W.1 or Local Agents.



L.A.

Corselets . . . Belts . . . ?

The woman who realises that her corsetting must be as individual as her ambitions, comes to the Salon of Roussel, where artistry enhances natural beauty.

Prices: Roussel Belts, 14 ins. deep, from 35/- Roussel Long-Belts (with Brassière) from 4 guineas.

May we send you a free copy of the Roussel Review with Catalogue No. 14?

177 REGENT ST. AND 74 NEW BOND ST. LONDON, W.1.
93 OXFORD STREET, W.1. 57 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.
6 King St., MANCHESTER. 6 Midland Arcade, BIRMINGHAM. *166 Bd. Haussmann, Paris*

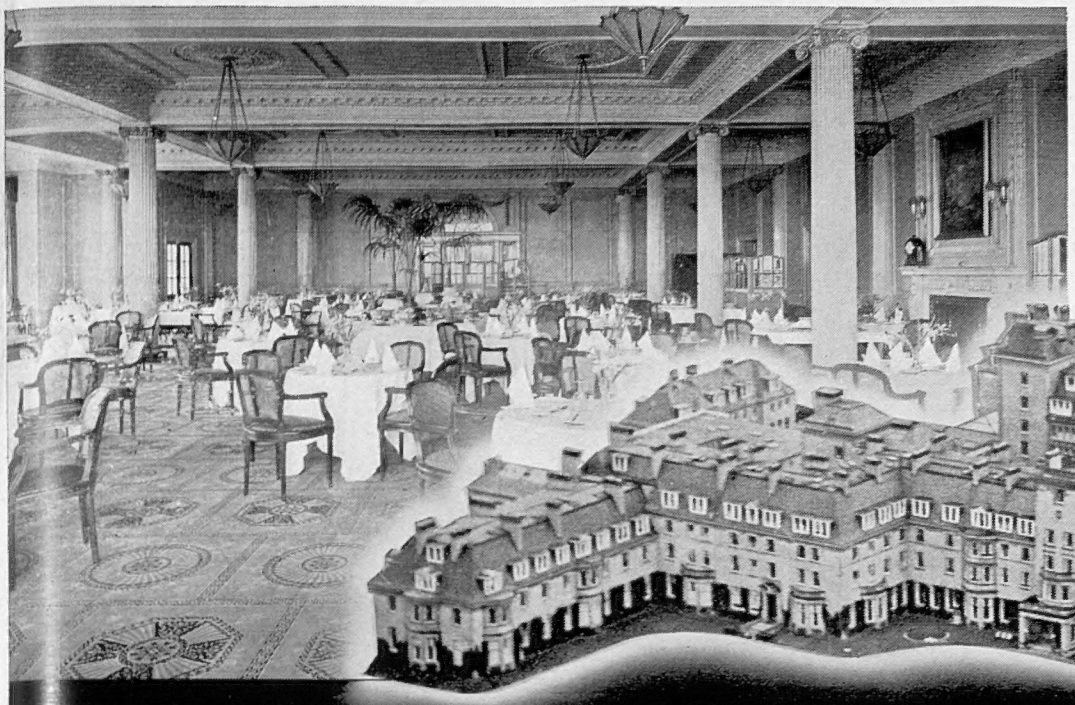
Coats & Skirts at WOOLLANDS

On Left—
C.22 — Well-tailored Coat and Skirt in fine flannel suiting. Coat lined crêpe-de-chine. In Navy and Black only. Sizes S.W. and W. 7 gns.

On Right—
C.20—Three-quarter Coat and Skirt in hop-sack tweed with swagger effect. Beautifully tailored and lined throughout. In Grey, Light Beige, Dark Oatmeal and Airforce Blue Sizes S.W. and W. 7½ gns.

Spring Book of Fashions Post Free

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD.,
KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.
'PHONE - - - SLOANE 4545.



THE WORLD'S UNRIVALLED PLAYGROUND

GLENEAGLES HOTEL

PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND

For tariff and particulars apply: Central Bureau (Dept. B), Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1.

The Hotel is under the Direction of Arthur Towle, Controller, L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1.

Express Services from Euston Station (London) and the principal Provincial Towns served by the L M S

Under the same management : WELCOMBE HOTEL, Stratford-upon-Avon

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

This famous NATURAL Mineral Water is invaluable in affections of the LIVER. Owing to the Salts and other mineral elements which it contains it flushes the system and repels liverish tendencies.

The unique properties of VICHY-CÉLESTINS are recognised by Physicians throughout the world.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, LTD.,
BANGOR WHARF, 45, BELVEDERE RD., LONDON, S.E.1.

Throat Sore?

You need

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist Stocks Them

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Increased my own height to 6' 3½" ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. *(P.O. Box 15.)*

BEDFORDSHIRE.—To Let on Lease, or for Season, Excellent Shoot of 2,640 acres (220 acres Woods and Plantations). Average bags for last 8 seasons, 780 Pheasants, 286 Partridges, 55 Hares, 10 Woodcock, Etc., Etc. Low rent asked. Particulars from S.855, The C.G.A. Ltd., Carlton House, Lower Regent Street, S.W.1.

van straten
ORCHESTRAS
PLAYING AT CHEZ QUAGLINO'S
COMMUNICATIONS 5 WARDOUR ST
16/17 BURY ST. ST JAMES S.W.1 — COVENTRY ST. W.1 — GER 7334

TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

Carpets Cleaned

The Compressed Air Carpet-Cleaning and Beating Co., Ltd.,
GLENTHORNE ROAD, HAMMERSMITH, W.6
'Phone: RIVERSIDE 3364-5.
Carpets taken up and relaid. **Advice and Estimates *FREE*.**

BENGER'S Food

Soothes and sustains.

'Duggie' makes history . . .

Ethelred the Unready becomes *Ethelred the Enthusiastic*

Ethelred: "I am so glad to find you in, Mr. Stuart, I am terribly upset."

Duggie: "Perhaps I can help you. I am entirely at your service."

Ethelred: "The position is this. I intended to go to the races to-day, but I wasn't ready. It is most annoying because I had told everybody to back DANEGELD, although they regarded it as a rank outsider. I thought of sending a messenger to you, but I couldn't get one ready in time. Now the Danish colt has won."

Duggie: "What would you like me to do about it?"

Ethelred: "I thought that if I told you how much I intended to put on, and what odds I hoped to receive, you might pay me the money I should have won."

Duggie: "Ah-ha! I can see you have been reading my advertisements. Well, if you have such difficulty in getting ready you must certainly open an account with me. And in the meantime I shall be only too happy to settle this little matter. How much were you going to put on?"

Ethelred: "Everything I had—about £5,000."

Duggie: "And let me see, what was the starting price?"

Ethelred: "I don't know, but it's ten to one it was long odds."

Duggie: "Ten to one, did you say? Very well, I will let you have my cheque for £50,000. Will you deign to accept it?"

Ethelred: "Dane ! ! ! I never want to hear the word again . . . But I will accept, for believe me, I need the 'ready'. I really am enthusiastic about your generosity, Duggie."

Joking apart, become an equally *enthusiastic* client yourself.

Write to-day and open a credit account.

DOUGLAS STUART · STUART HOUSE · LONDON · W.C.2